

Collegian Quarterly

A LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

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WINTER, 1938

WINTER EPISODE

—Everett Spencer, '40

CRIPES, it was cold! I raised my head out of the blankets to look at I the next cot . . . Sleeping peacefully, or frozen stiff . . . A fine hunting trip this had turned out to be! Snow, snow, and still more snow . . . four days, now, without a letup. I remembered what Bud's words had been when we were storing up provisions for the trip. "We'll probably need a lot," he had said. "When it snows up here, it snows like hell!"

. . . It was morning. I could see the sun's rays pouring in through the east window. God, no wonder it was so cold; an icy wind was coming in through an open break in the glass. A small pile of flakes lay driven against the cold stove . . . And no fire. Well, Bud could get up first and make one . . . and stuff another paper into the broken pane. I pulled the blankets back over my head and tried to sleep.

Cold . . . bitter cold! Icebergs and frosted lemonade . . . and then I saw a shivering polar bear pursuing a barefooted me over slippery, frigid ice, and then pounding . . . someone was shooting at the bear . . . no . . . no . . . I shook myself and awoke. Some one was pounding on the door. "Bud!" I called. (I'd be darned if I'd open it.) He didn't stir. Probably dreaming he was picking oranges in Florida. Last night, he had been in California . . . I never managed to escape the Eskimos.

Cursing my sleeping roommate, I pushed back the covers and climbed gingerly out of bed. Damn! The floor was like ice. I stepped into slippers, wrapped a blanket around me, and opened the door.

Hiram Hanks, bewhiskered town sheriff, stood at the threshold.

"Come on in, Hi," I chattered, "before you freeze your whiskers." (It has always been my policy to be cheery to cops.)

Hi beat the snow from his boots and entered.

"Hello, there . . ." he drawled. "I jest came over t' see if you two'd be willing to come up to Jeb's place . . . Him and his wife are probably snowed in, and I reckon they ain't got much in the line of provisions."

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EDUCATION

From a magic carpet
I looked down upon a mill,
And in the smoke
Far from the chimney
The faces of men,
Dad to women, and children,
And off, sweat-stricken,
Moments hardly distinguishable
From the gray of the smoke,
And then I felt lighter,
And I was glad
I was looking down
From above.

—Dean Terry, '40



MOON

Alone,
Night
Moon
Stars,
Contemplating
Why? Whence? Where?

Can it be?
God himself, eternal light,
In the splendor of the night;
Can it be?

Perplexed, I looked again to see,
The Ancients surely were aright,
When they said the Moon had might;
A magic spell it cast on me.

In the trance I heard a sprite,
"Blind thou art and cannot see
The light of all eternity;"
God shines through reflected light.

—N. D. Eliopoulos '38

LEFT BEHIND

—Ruth Bixby, '38

TOM shambled aimlessly into the living room. In a rocking chair near the window sat his uncle. Queer old bird—he had done nothing during his visit but sit around with a far-away look in his eyes. And when he talked he used big words. Maybe it was because he wrote books. But Tom's mind was preoccupied with matters more important than his uncle—thoughts that needed solitude. As he turned to leave the room, however, the old man said, "Don't go, my boy. I want to talk to you." Out of politeness the youth slumped into an arm chair.

"Why do you look so glum?" inquired the visitor. "You must have something on your mind."

Tom felt rebellious. Whose business was it anyhow? But something in the tone of the uncle's voice caused Tom to look at him. This man was not just curious or teasing; he was kindly and sympathetic. His face was etched with sadness and resignation, but his eyes were understanding and his smile was compassionate.

Impulsively Tom burst out, "My girl's gone away. She went to live in Australia, and I'll never see her again!"

"You feel quite badly, don't you."

"Of course I do. I'm crazy about her!"

"So you think you know what suffering is. I'm going to tell you what happened to me. It will at least take your mind off your troubles for a few moments."

"I was very young when I married," the uncle began in a low voice. "My wife was fair and delicate. We adored each other."

"Gosh," thought Tom. "I can't imagine any one in love with him!"

The uncle seemed to divine his thoughts. "You never realized that I was once young, did you, any more than you realize now that you will someday be old."

Then, resuming his story, "But our bliss was short-lived, for within a year she died. You cannot have any conception of my grief, loneliness, despair. I feverishly plunged into work in a desperate attempt to escape from my misery. I wrote intense, emotional trag-

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ON WRITING AN ESSAY

—Myron W. Fisher, '39

There are times when I would rather dig a ditch than write an essay. These moments come but once every week: the night before the essay is due. But why the night before? This night is taboo; it is an unethical time; it is contrary to a fundamental rule of the English department; it may result in extreme mental anguish and wicked thoughts about the department in general, which, if carried to an extreme, might drive a weak-minded student to a madhouse or murder. Fortunately, I am not weak-minded, nor have I ever entertained the thought of eliminating the English department by a mass slaughter or a political purge. But I have suffered on these "nights before," because I have been cursed with an uncanny faculty for procrastination; and try as I may, I cannot rid myself of this curse.

About five or six days before the essay is due, with a mind void of ideas but full of hope, I settle down, making myself as comfortable as possible, to outline my thoughts and commence my essay. Lurking, however, in the dark regions of my conscience is my evil curse, determined to prevent one iota of creative thought. I know I am doomed to sterility of mind; I know I can do nothing about it; and I know I shall procrastinate until the fateful night before. Paradoxically, knowing all this, I live in comparative contentment for the rest of the week, for I have forced myself to forget about my assignment so that I may make the most of things in the time I have left. At this time, my system of procrastination is functioning at its peak of



efficiency, leaving me to enjoy life while I can. I even look forward with masochistic delight to Thursday night (the night before), when I must suffer the pain that accompanies literary creation.

Suddenly—time can fly remarkably fast—I find that it is Thursday; then, resigned to my fate, I set about making plans for the ordeal of that night. At supper, I make it my business to drink several cups of coffee, which is the proper thing to do, according to authorities on the subject, in order that I may stay awake to a late hour. Then I warn all my friends that to-night I am going to write an essay, that I emphatically do not want to be disturbed, and that any distracting noise around my room will not be tolerated—all of which invariably brings a bedlam to my door. In an attempt to enjoy the last few minutes of freedom, I sometimes go to the movies (again the influence of my curse). Inevitably, however, I must meet the demand and write the essay. At seven o'clock I place a sheet of paper in my typewriter and sit for half an hour merely staring at this sheet, imagining that I might pass into a Yoga-like trance from which I

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NO ANSWER

The wind is plucking the silver strings of rain
 In a slow, soft, heartbroken dirge
 For summer's passing;
 The willow by the river's edge
 Weeps, her hair trailing in the water;
 A lone leaf falls, adding to the pile
 On summer's grave;
 The skeleton trees raise bony arms to Heaven
 And plead for life;
 No answer . . . save the wind's
 Wild moaning and sobbing,
 No answer . . . save the owl's
 Mournful hooting and calling;
 —No answer.

—Helen Marshall, '40



THAT TOOTH

You wake up in the wee hours of the morning with a very painful bicuspid. With a few ows, wows, and ohs, you announce the fact to the world and receive, for consolation, a few howls of what father will do to you for disturbing his sleep. Mother says be brave, you will have it attended to in the morning. With a few horrible groans, you say all right and try to go to sleep.

Comes the dawn and your jaw feels like someone had been operating on it with a pneumatic hammer. You go to the dentist, the Frankenstein of the modern world, who delights in your ghoulish howls of pain. He greets you at the door with a professional smirk, and like the spider to the fly, invites you in. "Well, young man," he says with the same smirk after seating you in the "chaise tortueux," "looks like a bad tooth. Let's test it." He takes the drill, sets it at high speed and applies it to the painful piece of porcelain. You let out a roar and then a howl which convinces the people in the waiting room that a murder is taking place and six prospective customers furtively raise and leave. The icy torturer remarks that its pretty bad and will have to come out. You look at him with the expression of a sick cow and marvel at the mental process through which he arrived at this startling conclusion. You then let out a groan which would do justice to the ghost of Simon Marley and prepare for the ordeal.

He opens your mouth and injects novacaine into your jaw, and you being very tough, take eight shots, each one enough to kill an ox, let alone a human being, and now he thinks you don't feel anything. Then he opens his draw full of instruments of pain and you think you are in the torture chamber of medieval castle. He takes out a pair of forceps which could pull an elephant's tusk let alone your tooth and a lever as if he means to pry your jaw loose. First he grinds and pushes with the lever, then, placing his knee against your chest, half choking you to death, and grabbing the forceps in both hands he gets a firm hold on your tooth and wrenches, pulls, yanks, etc., until the perspiration runs off his jowls, and with a final torturous wrench which practically pulls your jaw apart out comes the tooth.

He tells the girl who helps him to put the tooth in an envelope so you may keep it and says "you were a brave fellow, little man and it didn't hurt a bit."

You leave, your jaw like a balloon, walking like a drunken man. He, with a sickly smile, bids you adieu and six more sufferers leave upon seeing you, a wrecked hulk of humanity leave the office.

—E. Lavitt, '41

MR. HODGE LOOKED OUT THE WINDOW

—Arthur Noyes, '40

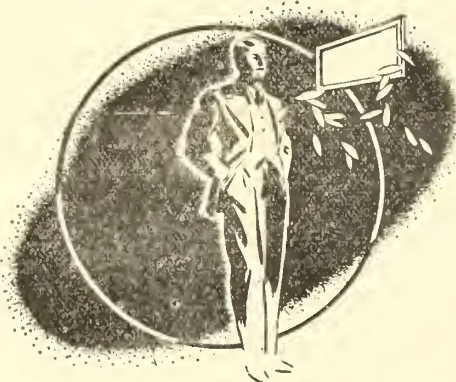
MR. HODGE looked out the window. Teletypes were pounding, telephones were ringing, the short wave receiver was "calling all cars," but the managing editor of the News continued to look out the window. Dynamite in the highway graft story . . . was the city hall man sure of his facts? . . . how to catch up with the Herald on the Wilder divorce case . . . would young Merrihew make the grade if he had another chance? Why didn't that Finney kid call up on the plane accident? . . .

"Your phone, Mr. Hodge."

"Oh yes, Mrs. Berry . . . terribly sorry but group pictures don't show up properly in the paper . . . we just couldn't do justice to a baby like yours and anyway didn't you just say he was in the third row behind someone else . . . listen lady, we can't pull him out from behind that other boy . . . Certainly am sorry" . . . Damn woman! . . . have to humor her, though, or her husband will change his oil account to the Herald.

Mr. Hodge resumed looking out the window . . . Should have heard from Finney an hour ago . . . why had he let Mr. Finney's nephew go out on that story? Fifty miles on a bad road and driving a badly used car. Well, he was just like anyone else wasn't he? The kid would be the last to shy away from the tough jobs just because his uncle owned the sheet.

. . . why couldn't the garage keep the cars in shape? . . . why didn't he call up?



A group of school children went through the city room, the guide was pointing out the teletypes and other pieces of equipment. A lad of ten or eleven years, stopped, looked across at Mr. Hodge as he stood at the window, and seemed to debate some question. Then he rejoined his fellows.

Why didn't young Finney call up? If anything had happened—

"Your phone, Mr. Hodge."

"Hello! Finney? . . . Are you all right? . . . Worried about you . . . all right shoot . . . come on, the paper turned daily in '97, let's have the story. . . What! . . . You've lost your way? . . . No, don't bother. We're going to press. You might get a boy scout to bring you back."

* *

"Good evening dear. Have you had a hard day?"

Mrs. Hodge had greeted Mr. Hodge so for fifteen years.

"Terrible. Don't believe I can keep it up much longer. Just going on nerve. Last year we were boosters, this year we were boosters, this year we knock, next week—who knows? . . . What a business . . . why didn't I go in the dress business with your brother the more I think of it I'm rather full of frills with form than forms with type.

Having replied substantially as he had done for fifteen years, Mr. Hodge reclined in the chair the boys had given him when he became managing editor, and looked out the window.

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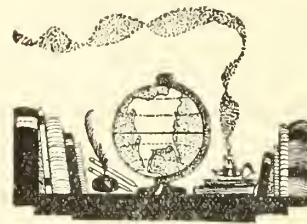
BEAUTY

A candle
 Tall and slender,
 Shedding its
 Soft warm glow
 Upon the silent form
 Of mother with child.

A flower,
 Pale and small,
 Sparkling with
 Diamond drops
 Upon a
 Mirrored table.

A limpid pool
 O'er shadowed
 By the marble
 Form of an
 Ever watchful
 Cupid.

—Anonymous, '41



BALZAC

"A man with a woman in his arms is like an orang-outang with a violin."

I

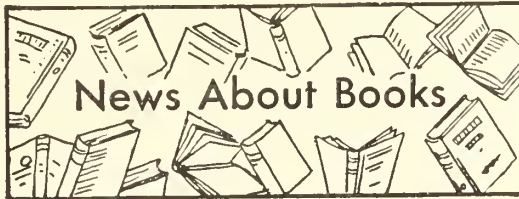
Holds it—
 With his hairy arms;
 And listens to the plaintive cry
 Of tightened strings.
 Pulls them
 'Till they break;
 And now
 Scornfully pours
 The varnished box.
 Scratches
 The finish, and
 Finds it worn.
 Breaks the box
 With smiling pity
 For weakness, uselessness,
 And kicks it.

II

Not so bluntly, friend.
 As you grasp your cry of passion.
 Beneath its softness
 Is a tremor and a deepening
 Far below the sounding board.
 Hold it gently.
 As the pounding of your heart
 Dull its consciousness,
 Would you then
 Make it suffocate with your desire?
 A pity, friend, that you are proudly blind—
 And boast your music mastery.
 The plaintive, lingering cry
 That you may cause
 Is but an echo
 Of eternity.

—Anonymous, '39





ROBERT FROST

A book of prime interest to admirers of Robert Frost and his poetry has just appeared in "Recognition of Robert Frost: Twenty-Fifth Anniversary" (Henry Holt & Co.; \$2.50) edited by Richard Thornton. This volume comprises a collection of critical articles which have appeared during the last 25 years—that is, since the publication of "A Boy's Will," Mr. Frost's first book.

Amherst readers will find of particular appeal the article on Mr. Frost and Amherst College, by the late poet and teacher, George M. Whicher, and "The Neighborliness of Robert Frost," by an Amherst resident, G. R. Elliott. Dorothy Canfield Fisher writes about Frost and Vermont, Cornelius Weygandt about Frost and New Hampshire, in the section on "Home Places."

Mr. Frost achieved his first fame in England, for he was living there when "A Boy's Will" and "North of Boston" were published. American recognition was not far behind. In 1914, Ezra Pound and Amy Lowell both advocates of the "new" poetry, wrote sympathetic reviews in "Poetry" and "The New Republic," respectively. The "Atlantic Month-

ly" of August, 1915, published a study of Frost's poetry by Edward Garnett, the English critic, who prophesied from reading "North of Boston" that the poet was to take a permanent place in American literature. William Dean Howells, in his "Editor's Easy Chair," of Harpers, could say in September, 1915, that Frost's first two volumes had already "made their public on both sides of the Atlantic."

An impressive category of writers appears in this memorial volume. Mark Van Doren begins the book with his essay, "The Permanence of Robert Frost." There are personal studies, by Padraic Colum and Elizabeth Shepley Sargeant; poetical tributes by Wilfrid Gibson, Edward Thomas, and James Stephens; critical articles by Louis Untermeyer, Ludwig Lewisohn, to mention only a few.

As a whole, "Recognition of Robert Frost" offers good reading. The material is so arranged that the contents make a chronological record of the recognition that the poet has received, and a guide to the places with which he has been associated. The book also contains a chronological list of dates in Mr. Frost's life, and bibliographical information by Frederick Melcher.

Even aside from the light they throw upon Frost and his work, the articles contained are to be valued as examples of critical workmanship by men and women who are artists in their own right. The appearance of such a volume is particularly welcome at a time when, according to the opinion of many, literary criticism seems to be on the wane.

SUMMERS IN THE OPEN

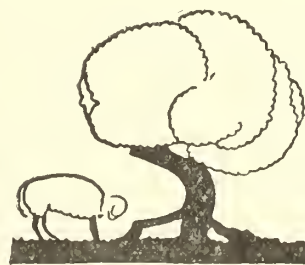
—Jessie Kinsman, '38

As my roommate and I sat tonight on the floor of the shower room, munching, like young culprits, the bread and jam surreptitiously taken from the kitchen, the sound of the water (turned on purposely to conceal our laughter and justify our presence) reminded me of waterfalls seen in the past. The spray, lightly flicking my skin, made these imaginary falls almost realistic. The natural sequence of thoughts was from waterfalls to picnics at the foot of waterfalls and vacations spent in the open, and thence to the subject for my essay. Ever since my two younger sisters have been able to travel without too much strain on the family nerves, the advent of warm weather has served as an introduction to the topic of summer vacations, which in our household has always meant trips and camping.

Wherever our itinerary led us, whether to the White Mountains of New Hampshire or the Ginger Lakes of New York, to Maine's rocky coast or Vermont's rural beauties, these trips to us children seemed as thrilling and important as Columbus' discovery of unknown lands. Everything was new and different. Never was there a boring moment: en route we played memory games, drawing games, and even card games; when tired of these, we sang. Our favorite was "Scotland's Burning"—the choice of this round, and our clamoring for Dad to start it, were inevitable. Dad would lead off, each of us chiming in at successive moments until the car was transformed into Pandemonium, and other motorists gaped at us in astonishment. Now do not think we missed the scenery and were interested only in our immediate surroundings. I remember how many times Dad stopped the car on some hilltop to view the panorama spread out below, and how many times we children were severely reprimanded for playing our games rather than admiring the beauty before us. Nor did we omit the spots of historical as well as aesthetic interest; the ruins of old Fort Ticonderoga, with the cannons, embankments, and arsenals, is one spot I shall never

forget. In childish glee we clambered over the top of the big guns and led imaginary soldiers through their drills.

If we were never unhappy while traveling, we were even less liable to be so after we had reached our destination. Dad had selected in advance public camp grounds, usually supervised by the State Park Departments, and we children demanded that there be swimming facilities. As soon as our big Buick, laden with huge roll on the back and luggage carrier on the side, had rolled to a stop, we all jumped out, eager to run off to investigate our surroundings. But no, in a stern voice Dad called us back, and reminded



us of the baggage to be unloaded, the tent to be erected and beds to be made, and (poor mother!) the meal to be prepared. (This was mother's chief complaint, for while she tried to heat three kettles over our two-burner gasoline stove, Dad and the youngsters had to have a swim to cool off after their strenuous work of setting up camp.) How delicious that frying hamburger smelled, how fragrant were those strawberries to our famished appetites. After the supper dishes had been cleared from the folding table and mother was ready to take a rest, we discovered that dusk had descended upon us.

The usual procedure, after dark, was to build a sizable campfire, which was sure to attract people from all parts of the campgrounds; some brought marshmallows to toast, others their congenial company. Songs

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IN OUR LIBRARY

The Lewis Carroll Book, 821, D664h
Don Quixote—Cervantes, 821, C33
O. Henry's Short Stories, 821, P834-835
Book of Wonder—Dunsany, 821, D923b
Parnassus on Wheels—Morley, 821, M82p
Growth of the Soil—Hamsun, '21, H18



THE MOULD OF FASHION AND THE GLASS OF —

Sir Philip Sidney, everywhere
Renowned, almighty fighter,
Horseman, dancer debonair,
Withal a sprightly writer!

"Elan!" cried Sidney, kicking high
His silver-buckled slipper;
"A spot of brandy mixed with rye
Makes any man a tripper!"

"I'm but a humble suitor
In Good Queen Lizy's court;
I'm but a modest tutor
To ladies,—of a sort.

"Exuberance! Exuberance!
Let's show the girls a fling!
Exuberance! Exuberance!
O, every man's a king!"

"I love you, ladies, every one;
"I'll never prove a rover
Till Scandal's cloud shall blot my sun,
And I pull stakes for Dover."

Oh, Philip, gallant, Thee we hail
And cheer thy debonair-ish quirk;
We toast the world'd All-Perfect Male—
Wine!—Song!—Women!

Clerk, bring me one Bromo-Seltzer.

—Dee Smith, '39



EMBRYO TO ETERNITY

A gree tree
Young, tender,
Bends with the gentle west wind,
Bows to the blustering blast,
And grows in the sun.

A strong tree
Fearless, straight,
With heavy laden branches,
Is split by the terrors of the storm;
Now casts a twisted shadow.

An old tree
Leafless, lone,
Defies the night with its twisted trunk.
Its bare branches crack in the wind;
Too stiff to bend.

—Beryl Briggs, '39

WINTER EPISODE

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I glanced around at Bud. The rascal had a grin on his face a mile long. He had heard me call, but waited for me to get up.

"Sure, we'll go, Hi!" he called. "But, hell, ain't it still snowing?"

"Nope. Not now . . . Jest the wind's blowing the snow around. Sun's out, too." answered Hi.

The sheriff started a fire while Bud and I got dressed.

. . . I remembered Jeb from this summer. He and his wife were two typical darkies. How they existed up in this country, no one knew. But they always managed somehow. Jeb used to come down here and ask to buy eggs and flour on credit. Bud always handed them over with a laugh, saying, "Never mind, Jeb. You need your money for other things." But of course Jeb never had a cent.

Once he had invited Bud and myself to hear him play his piano—something he had salvaged from the old Cloistery estate. Bud was busy, but he told me to go along . . . "It ought to be worth it," he had said.

Jeb's place was four miles back in the hills. A ramshackle hut surround with sunflowers. He introduced me to his wife, a shrivelled darkie, who nodded and scurried off into the woods with a basket under her arm. Jeb sat down at the piano, grinned—showing his two teeth—and brushed back his gray wool. His fingers felt the keys for an opening chord. "Y' know, suh," he said to me, "Ah ain't nevah took no lesson."

I never forgot his playing. He pounded, banged . . . pounded . . . pounded. And with the poundings he chanted some unintelligible jargon. Discords upon discords. He grinned madly, shouted feverishly. And pounded . . . and beat. There was something uncanny, in this rhythm . . . something singular . . . and familiar . . . haunting . . . barbaric . . . beating . . . terrifying. Perspiration poured off his brow, his arms moved more rapidly, his chantings increased. And then I saw him pounding drums in a frenzy, surrounded by raving savages. The rhythm crept into my bones. I wanted to dance, to yell, to . . . And

then he had stopped, and I saw he was looking at me. A slow grin spread over his face. He muttered, "Good, eh? . . ."

We ate breakfast and then started out. We were all adept at snow-shoeing, and made excellent time. Jeb's hut was practically covered with snow, with no sign of life around it. Bud yelled out . . . no answer but the faint sound of an echo. An eerie place, now; I remembered the sunflowers. Then Hi pointed to the south window. A black face was peering out. It was Jeb's woman. She beckoned to us.

When we had dug our way in, she was rocking beside a small fire. "Ah was expectin' yo all," she mumbled.

"Where's Jeb?" inquired Bud.

"Out on the back po'ch."

The three of us looked at one another, then went out to the porch without saying a word.

There lay old Jeb nearly buried in the snow. His black features were all that showed . . . smooth . . . like black wax . . . Snowflakes matted his beard. Old Jeb was dead.

We turned back into the hut and shut the door tight. The old woman saw our shocked expressions.

"He's been daid sense the first sno," she said. "Five days ago—Ah been countin' 'm. Ah reckon he ain't complainin' 'bout the cold, now . . ." She smiled—or was it a smile—"Ah bet he's even a-kickin' 'bout the heat."

We improvised a stretcher to carry Jeb back to town. Hi and I dug the body out, while Bud was giving the old darkie final instructions . . . We were to come back for her, later. After a few minutes Bud came out. He had a queer expression on his face. "The old woman's cracked," he said, and helped us lay the body on the stretcher. Old Jeb seemed extraordinarily peaceful.

We started to trudge back to town. We had covered fifty yards, when a piercing wail cut the cold air. We stopped, tense, in our tracks. Then the piano crashed . . . I heard the barbaric discords I remembered from this summer. The same wild pounding . . . beating, the same ghastly, savage wails. Beating . . . haunting rhythm . . .

"Jeb's funeral march," spat Hi.

And we trudged on.

the big file cabinet, he saw the room in its entirety. The rows of desks, the large, high windows, the dusty-faced clock, all just as it had been twenty-five years ago. But no, a blonde man was sitting at greyheaded Tim's desk.

He thought, suddenly, of Tim. "Politician" Tim they had called him because his uncanny knowledge of politics and its ways had led to more than one exposure of corruption within the city. But now this blonde cub was at Tim's desk—Tim was too old for the newspaper game according to the managing editor . . . too old . . .

He sighed his way into his chair, put copy paper into his typewriter pulled a worn notebook from his inside pocket. "Receipts from the annual city-wide Christmas Drive which drew to a close today totaled \$3450, a figure well in excess of last year's receipts." He reflected how simple it sounded, how little it indicated the many blocks he had walked before he had contacted the chairman of the committee. But he was a newspaperman.

. . . He thought again of Tim. The brief notice Tim had received. "Your services will no longer be no longer required after December 1, 1937," it had said. But everyone, and especially Tim, knew that between the lines the notice read: "We consider you too old for strenuous newspaper work. We want young and faster men, men who can get two stories in the time it takes you to get one." Tim had had enough money saved to live at the same drab boarding house, and as time went on, he would become known to the other boarders as the "old coot who's always telling newspaper stories." And just before he died, Tim would say proudly, "I was a newspaperman myself once." Certainly Tim

MUSIC

Gilbert, Sullivan, D'Oyly Carte, and

"Ruddigore" . . .

With the Glee Club's annual production of Gilbert and Sullivan opera fast approaching—this year, "Ruddigore"—it seems appropriate to cast a glance backward to the day when the famed trio of author, composer, and business manager—D'Oyly Carte, were living and active, in the midst of great success and popularity.

"Ruddigore," or "The Witch's Curse," was first produced at the Savoy Theatre, London, Saturday the 22d of January, 1887. "The Mikado" had just concluded an almost record run of 672 days without stop. For weeks, public anticipation had been running high for this, the eighth opera by the gifted collaborators. Utmost secrecy guarded all the proceedings, and every kind of rumor concerning the nature of the plot, together with much facetious comment on this great secrecy, appeared in the newspapers and periodicals.

Demand for seats, then, was unprecedented. "Hours before the doors were opened, every access to the Savoy, northwards from the Strand and southwards from the Thames Embankment, was packed with a mass of fevered humanity. Never before since the opening of the Savoy Theatre had such a scene been witnessed." The Savoy, it must be understood, was their own Theatre, built more than five years before, by the energetic D'Oyly Carte as, the permanent home of Gilbert and Sullivan opera. With its innovation of electric lighting, its tasteful decorations, and its excellent managerial policies, it presented a distinct advance from the Opera Comique, where former productions had taken place.

Traditions had grown up around "opening nights"—at the Savoy, which were now as much in evidence as ever.

"All the world of literature, science, art, politics, the law and Society, or as many of its representatives as could be crowded in, filled the stalls."

An improvised prefatory concert by the audiences of the pit and gallery was an important item of every premiere. Led by self-appointed conductors stationed in the center of the front row, these amateur choirs sang in excellent tone and tempo many Gilbert and Sullivan songs. This time, they added to their repertoire, selections from the last opera, "The Mikado."

"Ruddigore," as far as regards the music, was a success. The Press had probably never been more prodigal in its praise, or the public louder in its acclamation of Sullivan's workmanship. But, somehow, after the first act, Gilbert's humor did not seem to go across to the audience, and for the first time in the history of the theatre, a few "Boos" were heard in the applause at the close of the performance.

The play was a caricature of a kind of melodrama that had been seeking extreme popularity. These blood-curdling affairs were themselves extravaganzas of real life. Therefore, how far might the travesty of an extravaganza be carried with success?

would say that. All newspapermen say that.

He finished his story and brought it to the city desk. He returned to his own desk and began to revise a story from the afternoon edition. Someone tapped him on the shoulder.

"Take a story over the 'phone for me, will you?" It was a rewrite man. As he made his way over to the telephone booth, he wondered how many of the new men they were hiring would never get beyond rewrite.

"O. K.," he said into the mouthpiece.

A voice said: "This is Harvey. I've stumbled onto a gang killing. The cops won't give me a story. Say they want it kept out of the papers. What'll I do, give you what story I have and forget the rest?"

Continued on Page 6

NEWSPAPERMAN

—Stanley A. Flower, '38

He paused a moment at the entrance to the city room and leaned wearily on the door jamb. Almost directly in front of him he could see the city editor, a large, professorial man with an unlighted cigar in his mouth. He bent his head forward, and a drizzle of water from the melting snow that covered his hat drummed on the floor. Standing there, he became aware of the copy readers—he always thought of them impersonally—sitting at the horse shoe table strangely subordinated to the central figure. In a little room at his right he heard the clattering of the teletype machines, the muffled slam of their returning carriages.

Out of sight behind the large newspaper file would be his desk. Even now he could see the old L. C. Smith, the long sheets of copy paper, the swivel chair.

God, he was tired. He closed his stinging eyes, pressed cold hands to his forehead. The muttering roar that was the presses crept into his consciousness. Funny, he'd never really heard them that way before. Why, the floor actually shook with their power.

Someone brushed by him, almost pushed him out into the hall. He opened his eyes, saw it was one of the new men—a young man. He remembered that they called the man Harvey and predicted "great things" for him. He glanced for the first time at the almost forgotten envelope in his left hand. He laughed weakly as he thought of the younger man pushing him into the hall.

He tucked the envelope unopened into his overcoat pocket, straightened his shoulders, walked into the city room. As he rounded

NIGHT FALLS OVER BOSTON

—J. G. Martin, '39

AN east wind stole in across Boston Harbor, whispered through the downtown streets, and scurried across the Common in breathless haste to send the autumn leaves swirling in piles of glinting gold and copper along the paths.

It had been but half an hour since the bells in the Park Street Church had chimed out four o'clock, and a sudden hush had fallen over the city. Even the little groups of Socialist-minded, verbose unemployed had disappeared from around the Parkman bandstand, and the bench loafers were dozing quietly. The sun, tipping toward the western horizon, shed a warm, mellow light, and cast the tall shadows of trees along the ground. It was a time of peace, almost as if the city were taking a quick siesta in preparation for an arduous evening.

Then the stillness was broken, not at once, but slowly, with an ever-increasing murmur of footsteps shuffling along the sidewalks, and voices shrill with fatigue, as the daily trek homeward of the office and store workers began.

The golden glow of the sun illuminated for an instant the white, tired faces of the hurrying people with a transfiguring radiance. Then the glow changed to burnt orange and red and finally blue as the sun sank from sight, leaving the faces more careworn than before in the twilight of early evening.

At six o'clock, the crowd had been swallowed by subway and train terminal, and the street lights blinked on, pushing shadows into the darkness of alleys and building recesses. It was dinner time, because Boston dines early, and little groups of people could be seen strolling toward their favorite restaurants. Ola's, on Carver Street, absorbed lovers of smorgasbord, and connoisseurs of fish were filling Clark's and Pieroni's. The chain cafe-

terias received their quota of chair-arm diners, and those Philistines who ruin good dinners by dancing between courses could be found entering establishments which offer sophisticated rhythm as a part of their cuisine.

A newsboy shouted an extra, another murderer had confessed his crime, and people walked unconcerned along the streets seeking amusement at theatres and movies and dance halls. Down in Newspaper Row, men stood idly for hours watching the headline blackboards of the Boston Globe or the Boston Transcript. In Scollay Square, the glare of lights revealed two sailors leaning against the window of Kresge's, watching with practised eyes the slow parade of girls from the North End. Along the Charles River Embankment, a vagrant breeze sent slow ripples across the water, lingering only for a moment and then vanishing over the city. The big arc lights cast their reflections across the river to meet half way soft lights gleaming from the Tech buildings.

From any point along the Esplanade, the noises of the city could be heard like the sighing of wind through tall grass. The sky was bright with the reflected gleam of myriad electric signs, like a brilliant banner of light thrown across the heaven by a giant conflagration. The glow faded from the sky; sounds became individual and then hardly audible. Back to Scollay Square, and the honkey-tonk atmosphere had gone, and there were left only wisps of paper blowing aimlessly in the gutter. Newspaper Row still hummed with activity, but there were no people in the streets, and it was quiet there. Washington Street looked very narrow and dark at that late hour, and a glance down Tremont Street revealed the same darkness and solitude.

In the Common, the leaves were still drifting along the paths, and above, the stars sparkled with a cold brilliance in the midnight blue of the sky. The east wind ruffled the tops of trees and the sibilant sound they made seemed to whisper, "Night has fallen over Boston."

MUSIC

Continued from Page 4

Gilbert's fault may have lain in the subtlety of his brain. Here is an instance in support of this theory, and, at the same time, of the density of some people's sense of humor. The jolly, breezy sailor's song in Ruddigore not only offended a few British patriots who construed it as a slight to the Navy, but threatened to disturb friendly relations with France! A Frenchman, correspondent of the Paris "Figaro," saw Gilbert's little joke an insult to the French nation. Though the matter escaped becoming an international affair, it was whispered that Gilbert had received a challenge from several French officers to meet him; but it ended in coffee and cigars. Revivals of the opera, in 1920 and thereafter proved that the same song has neither shocked the Navy League nor disturbed the peace with France. It is on the contrary, accepted as a good joke.

Another negative notion that helped prejudice the success of the piece was its title, "Ruddigore." Some prudish parents would not think of taking their daughters to see a play with a name like that! Never—no—never, even though it had been set to music by dear Sir Arthur Sullivan, who composed "Onward Christian Soldiers," etc. Sir William Gilbert strove to pacify them by changing the title so far as to substitute the letter "I" for "Y". Further, he made certain slight alterations in the second act, after which the cry went forth from the press, "All's well with 'Ruddigore.'"

After its comparatively short run of 288 performances, "Ruddigore" was not revived. Why?—principally, because it was considered that the enormous cost of mounting and dressing the opera, on the scale maintained at the Savoy, was out of ratio to its drawing capacity in a small theatre. For the original pro-

duction approximately \$30,000 was expended on the costumes and properties, and the two scenes including a very elaborate picture gallery added a further \$10,000 to the outlay. Moreover, it was not then found practicable to construct a "set" that could be used on the variously sized stages of the provincial theatre by the D'Oyly Carte Touring Company.

It would be impossible for us, in our production, to recapture the spirit of the old days. But if the college audience, with a view to getting the greatest fun out of Gilbert's witty lines, would familiarize itself with the story ahead of time, it would be doing much to guarantee the success of the performance. Books with short resumés are available in the library.

In this connection, let us mention a set of spirited recordings of songs taken from a number of operas by Gilbert and Sullivan, now owned by the Music Record Club. The album was purchased, together with a number of other works, last November, and is available to members of the Club.

—J. W. C., '40

SNOWFLAKES

What beauty in these perfect forms of lace
Which God has sent from heaven to His earth!
We wait, expectant, as these flakes erase
The grime and dirt; They bring to man
rebirth,

For in each flake there is a pattern rare
Of purest filagree, as jewel on the sod.
And then what was is gone without repair;
Their purpose done, they hurry back to God.
I would suggest, the Maker with intent
Lovingly urged these snowflakes into flight;
A message pure of love from heaven sent
Spreads o'er the earth its shimmering beauty
white.

Yet, more than this we cannot hope to know—
God has it hidden in His flakes of snow.

—Edith G. Thayer, '38

CORNER DRUG STORE

ii
Joe.

(a bum on the corner . . . hallelujah I'm a bum . . . and fifteen cents for a shot of booze . . . snow's no good for the bums . . . no, snow's no good for the bums . . .)

The store was warm inside.

Hya, Joe.

Hello, kid, Boss in?

Naw.

How about a little shot, kid?

No chance, Joe. This is a drugstore, y'know.

Yeah, yeah. Well, lemme have fifteen cents, so's I kin get a shot next door.

Can't do it, Joe.

Aw, c'mon, kid.

Chris', Joe, I can't be givin' you dough alla time for drinks. What—

Aw Christ, kid, looka that snow. It's been freezin' me all up inside for hours. Just fifteen cents for a drink. Fifteen lousy cents.

Okay, Joe, but it's the last time.

Okay kid. T'anks.

Hey, Joe.

Wha'?

Wyancha be smart and go over to the Square. They're hirin' lotsa help to shovel snow for this big load. Make yourself a little dough.

Aw kid, you know how I hate snow. Look at it, comin' down all white an' cold, an' freezin' a feller's guts. It's rotten stuff, kid, rotten stuff.

Suit yourself, Joe. Wyancha try Florida?

Haha. T'anks anyways, kid. Okay kid.

Okay Joe.

(Whiskey for a bum to shut out the cold . . . whiskey for a bum on the Florida Special . . . oh, it snowed all day and it snowed all night . . . but snow's no good for the bums . . .)

It might be a good idea shovelling snow
and a coupla bucks in his pocket, wot the hell.

The snow was wet and cold inside his shoes.

Name? (said the guy at the Square) address? sixty an hour. Punch time here. Shovels there. Get going.

His back got tired fast
and the goddam snow real as hell

He had to stop every few minutes and lean on his shovel, while he blew his white breath away in heavy gasps.

Try some of this, bud. The man next to Joe handed him a small flat bottle.

T'anks (said Joe)

Whiskey for a bum
but the snow's no good.

He felt better now.

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LEFT BEHIND

Continued from Page 1

edies. Gradually my sorrow was allayed, but not before I had made this resolve: when my end drew near I would do everything in my power to prevent any one from suffering as I had.

"I thought of course that I would never marry again. But twenty years later I met a lovely woman whose sensitivity and sweetness made me forget almost completely the empty ache in my heart. My love this time was deeper and more mature. The years were kind to us and we were very happy together, until a few years ago.

"I shall never forget the spring morning I sat on a bench in the park. I had just seen a doctor about the pains in my left side. He had predicted that I would live only a month. All around me were signs of returning life, and I was facing a death sentence!

"Remembering my resolve, I did not tell my wife what I had learned. Gradually I tried to make her dislike me. It hurt me to see her suffer when I was unkind to her, but I thought that if I persisted I would realize my aim. I loved her so much that I wanted to sacrifice her love for me."

The old man's voice quavered and his eyes dimmed. He paused as if in a reverie. Tom, his own sorrow overshadowed, said breathlessly, "The doctor guessed wrong, but your wife—what happened to her?"

"My wife? She will never know the reason for my actions. She has gone much farther than Australia."

ESSAY

Continued from Page 1

shall emerge to find the paper covered with the words of a genius. That does not succeed; so I shift my gaze to a blank corner of the room in a desperate attempt to think. I find that I have magnificent ideas looming through the seething mist within my brain, but these vanish, however frantically I may clutch at them to pin them down on paper before they evanesce. And alas! my paper is yet a white blank. In a blind mood of self-pity I grant myself a vacation—which I believe I deserve—and enter another room. Here, perhaps, an hour of "swing music" or a "bull session" on a high plane of thought may yield some ideas. The result is one more hour of procrastination, in which I completely forget about my assignment. So I reenter my room.

At this time, I become discouraged with the thought that I shall not finish my essay. As soon as this thought enters my head, I pounce upon it so that I may work it into something practical. Here ensues a vigorous mental debate, in which my good and bad angels fight it out. Supposing that I did not pass in an essay on Friday? Now I launch into a detailed psychoanalysis of the professor, dissecting his character more thoroughly than he himself—or even his wife—could do. I rationalize, assuming that all professors are, after all, human, that this one was once an English student, and, consequently, that he could understand my agony, sympathetically excusing me. But no; that could never be. No professor is that generous. I must use other tactics. I could tell the professor that I had been suffering from neuralgia or some other severe pain, but that would not cover the entire week. I could dash my head against the wall and get a legitimate excuse from the infirmary, but the physical pain involved would not require such an act. I could cut the class; that would be cowardly. I could plagiarize; that would be criminal. As a noble gesture, I could flaunt my blank sheet of paper as a battle flag before the professor, daring him to make me write an essay. The results of such a step might prove unfortunate for me, for after the smoke had cleared away, I might find myself writing an essay on the injustice of the present educational system. By this time, it is well after midnight.

Finally, I set myself for the task. Con-

DRUG STORE

Continued from Page 5

His arms moved with mechanical precision. Dig—up, and over. Dig—up, and over. In front, he could barely make out the big trucks being loaded. The snow was a whirling white screen. The wind blew it down his neck.

*A coupla bucks in your pocket
not so bad at fifteen cents a shot not so bad
snow for whiskey and whiskey for a bum.*

Joe was feeling good. He made a little song to the rhythm of his shovel:

*Snow means dough
Dough for Joe
An' whiskey for a bum.*

*Snow means dough
Dough for Joe
An—*

*Oh, the swell snow an a coupla bucks
in your pocket and whiskey—*

There was a sudden scream of brakes, and Joe went soaring on a long red flame of pain.

Christ (yelled the truckdriver) Christ! I couldn't see him. It was the snow! It was the snow!

—Nestor, '39

centrating all my will-power, gritting my teeth, and determining to ignore the consequences of passing in a poorly written essay, I squeeze out, word by word, my essay onto the paper—now a symbol of mental purity. Now I smoke, one after another, a dozen cigarettes in the conventional manner, or wrap a cold towel around my head (as I once read in a book). Thus fortified, I gradually build up my ideas to complete the essay. Lo! before I can fall asleep, the work is done!

This essay was completed at half-past three, Friday morning.

NEWSPAPERMAN

Continued from Page 4

Forget the rest! These damned cubs. He thought rapidly, his fatigue gone.

"Where are you?" he asked. Noting the address, he left the booth, took his hat and coat.

Outside he thought briefly of traveling expenses, looked at the four inches of wet snow, then hailed a cruising taxicab. Deadline was less than two hours away, he rationalized.

He arrived at a cheap hotel and had to show his reporter's certificate before he was admitted. He strode rapidly into the lobby. No longer was he a tired old man. He was a newspaperman.

Harvey was over in a corner arguing with a careworn detective. He walked briskly over to them. The detective looked at him, said "Hi" resignedly.

"I suppose you want a story, too," the detective told him. "The point is, the papers have been giving us such a ride that we don't want this story printed. The public is too easily led by your newspaper guys."

"I know, I know," he said. Policemen were always that way, especially near deadline, but experience had taught him how to handle them. "But have you considered what the public, and the newspapers, will say when they find out you've been hiding things? And both of them will find out."

That would change things, he knew. The detective demurred, finally called headquarters. A long wait. Deadline was now only an hour away. He argued with lieutenants, with captains, opened every channel he knew. Finally, with less than a half hour to deadline, he got the story.

Back in the city room, the excitement over, he felt tired again. He thought of Harvey, the man who had stumbled over a scoop

SUMMERS

Continued from Page 3

ensued and, before we knew it, bed time was at hand. I remember the fuss we made in New Hampshire and other states using standard time, for we hated to go to bed an hour before all the other children. (Dad was set against changing his watch from Daylight Time; he preferred to calculate the hour.) covering the rest of the floor were beds made on two large, fluffy Kapok mattresses. In this great trundle bed we four girls lay (I cannot say slept, for we spent much time whispering, giggling, and otherwise disturbing our parents' slumbers). After a comfortable, but cool, night, we always awoke early and were admonished to be quiet lest we wake our neighbors. Little did we care! This was another day of camping thrills.

As I recall all the fun we had on these excursions, I realize that Mother bore the brunt of the trip. Yet she never complained. She, too, enjoyed the travels, and work was just her accustomed routine. Perhaps these trips, to the reader, sound idealized, but everything I have said is true. There were the unexpected calamities, such as Libby's getting into the hornet's nest, and Nancy's spilling hot coffee over herself, but, on the whole, we were thoroughly at ease in these modified Pioneer surroundings. The "Camping Kinsmans" as our friends called us, after our roving summers, returned home only to say in our prayers at night, "Dear God, please make next summer come soon."

and hadn't known to handle it. The kid was just leaving, probably filled with the "romance" of newspaper work. He thought of his having walked the length of the city trying to find the person in charge of the Christmas Drive, and smiled.

He looked at the dusty-faced clock, realized he was through for the night. He put on his hat and coat. The office, as he walked through it, was almost deserted, actually peaceful. The city editor with his pack of copy readers had gone home. The dog-watch had taken over.

He shambled out into the hall, down the stairs to the street. The glare of a red neon sign in front of an all-night cafe stung his eyes. He looked down the white street, the same street, it seemed, that he had been seeing for twenty-five years.

Stopping at a newsstand, he bought an edition of his paper. The banner headline could be seen even in the dark:

MUSANTI SHOT BY RIVAL GANG.

But he had to stop under a street light to read a line which said, "By Leon Harvey."

"A good story," he thought. "Nice going, kid."

He turned his collar up against the cold, folded the newspaper and put it in his pocket. It rustled against something. He pulled out the envelope, forgotten until now. He tore it open quickly and stopped under another street light to read the words which he had known from the first would be on the yellow slip of paper: "Your services will no longer be required after January 1, 1938." He laughed shortly, put the envelope back into his pocket, and trudged through the snow to his boarding house.

MR. HODGE

Continued from Page 2

His meditation, whatever it was, was broken by a young hurricane which swept into the room.

"Hi Dad."

"Hush, Junior!" whispered Mrs. Hodge. "Your father has had a terrible day."

Junior smiled.

"Listen Mother, I checked up on that today. Our class went through the News building. We went through the editorial rooms, and I saw Dad."

"Wasn't it exciting, Junior, to see your father getting out the paper! What was he doing?"

"Dad was just sitting and looking out the window."

Collegian Quarterly

A LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

Janet W. Campbell, '40, Associate Editor

Edited by Sidney Rosen, '39

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MASSACHUSETTS STATE COLLEGE

SPRING, 1938

THE CIO AND LABOR

—George M. Curran '40

THE only approach to an understanding of the Committee for Industrial Organization is an historical one, for many myths have originated in its name. There is nothing revolutionary in organizing labor along industrial lines. The now reactionary American Federation of Labor has for many years contained industrial and quasi-industrial unions, the large United Workers, for example. But the craft unions which have a two thirds majority in the A. F. L. are opposed to industrial unions, because they fear an infringement on their organizational territory. What the crafts refuse to see is the changing methods of production and their effect on the status of the worker.

Formerly industries were confined to distinct localities and the men were highly skilled workers. The supply of labor was greatly limited by the difficulty of securing skilled men. If a strike was called the laborers had effective bargaining power, for the owner could not easily replace the strikers and continue production without them. Also the localization of industry enhanced the power of labor. Strikes could not be broken by shifting production to another area. However in the last two decades mass production has increasingly characterized industries, they have become corporate with their capital contributed by widely scattered stockholders resulting in an impersonal control. The power behind many different industries has been centralized in interlocking directorates and their equals. Furthermore these corporations are spread over many states and the stoppage of one plant does not atrophy the whole industry. Against such powerful control, labor in the form of craft unions is impotent. The combatant force must be a strong, national industrial union.



There has also been a change in the nature of the employees. In a modern mass production plant there are no longer many skilled workers. Most of the workers are unskilled or semi-skilled such as machine operatives who require only a few weeks to become efficient. Skilled workers comprise less than a quarter of all employees. There is also the jurisdictional problem of workers who perform a number of different tasks falling into different craft lines. Obviously, craft unions could represent only a few of the laborers and would be emasculated by stupid jurisdictional claims and disputes.

In 1934 the industrial unions then in the CIO with the more intelligent craft unions read a minority report, pointing out the failure of the AFL to organize the integrated mass production industries like steel, rubber and automobiles, and suggested that a drive be made to organize them. They also demanded that this be done along industrial lines. The United Mine Workers offered to contribute

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FIRST CANDLE

This issue marks the first birthday of the COLLEGIAN QUARTERLY.

The QUARTERLY has grown, in a short time, from a vague idea to a striking reality. It has been, and we hope it will continue to be, a stepping stone for those Mass. State students who desire to express themselves creatively in a literary way. The birth of the QUARTERLY was a signpost on the long trail of the growth of this college—a marker in the advance of the fine arts, and an added argument for the Bachelor of Arts degree.

This, the first candle on our birthday cake, will be joined by many more. We feel that we may make this prediction without fear of the future; we feel that the QUARTERLY, since it is of the students, is already a part of Mass. State.

We wish to thank the past contributors to the QUARTERLY; above all, we urge new contributors to send in their manuscripts—a continual stream of new blood is necessary to the life of a publication.

—THE EDITORS

WHITE BUFFALO

—Bradford Nye

SOME people say there are no such things, for these people are stupid, and have little bald heads with mean, squinty eyes; and never tell their children fairy tales, but spank them and send them off to bed. I know white buffalo exist, for I have seen them many, many times. Only last night one came to my window. (They always come at night, when I'm about to go to bed.) I had on my black pyjamas with their red-dragon seal, and I was raising my window wide to gobble up the night air. Suddenly the white buffalo was there.

His eyes were round and bright silver with pupils as blue as Grandpa Bradford's, whose eyes had been like the southern seas over which his ships had sailed. They were so clear, one might think they would ring crystal tones if one touched them—silver and blue tones in harmony.

They looked fierce, too, but I was not afraid, not even the first time, for Grandpa Bradford's eyebrows had been craggy-silver, and he had been gentle and told me many a story. It was because of him that the white buffalo had come, for he had met them on the far seas, and later they had come to his home on land to see him. You see, white buffalo do not come unless they know they will be welcome, and there are many squint-eyed people with bald heads who would sniff and tell them to go, although most of these wizened, commercial squint-eyes wouldn't even be able to see them.

But I was glad when he came, and called to him in welcome. Hastily I put on my warm slippers, and climbed onto the great one's back. Then we rose swiftly into the air, for the Valhalla of the white buffalo is on the moon. And as we went many stars came down to meet us, and two twinkling ones rode on the horns of the buffalo. Their light shimmered down the dull gold of his horns and caught in the silver of his eyes.

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ON IMMORTALITY

Poets write of immortality
In words that are floating sparks
In a starless night.

Poets dream of immortality
In the ecstasy of the red-blue star
Flickering in the purple shadows,
Still streaked with the glow of the dying sun.

Poets ask the secrets of immortality
From the laughter of the blustery brook
Trundling great stones to the sea,
Or slyly tickling the white feet
Of coy red flowers on the banks.

Poets think these know of immortality
Because they outlast empires.
Probably, even Jesus
Heard the breathless, stabby patter of rain
And squiggled his bare toes in rain-laid dust.

Poets catch only hints and glimpses—not
immortality—
For immortality is a great wheel of fraying
rope,
Rotating endlessly . . . endlessly;
And poets grab the fraying ends
Hoping to clutch immortality;
But the raveling breaks,
Flinging them into the arms of waiting Death
Who muffles their questions in misty stillness—
And nothingness.

Worms eat the bodies
Once housing dreams of immortality—
They sleep on . . . unmindful
That worms and dreams
Are strands of immortality.

—Helen Marshall '40



GOING MY WAY?

—Lloyd B. Copeland '38

THE art of hitch-hiking, or thumbing as it is now technically called today, is an age old custom. We have read in history how Mark Anthony was taken for a ride, as were also Samson and others. We also know of many a young lady who has been given a lift home. The distance which a bumper wishes to travel is in most cases not important. He can travel from one end of the country to the other, thus seeing both the fur-clad beauties of Maine, and the---clad beauties of Hollywood.

The art of thumbing is classified into eight separate categories. The first is Method 1A, which is The Prolonged Thumb, or The Thumb of Desperation. In this method a thumb starts with the right hand (the left hand is used when returning) about twelve inches to the left of the left knee-cap, and by a count of four, lasting for eight seconds, draws the hand slowly up across the body

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MAN'S DUAL NATURE

1.

Heartless yet lovely maiden, the cause of all
my woe,
Why make my heart bleed with a never
ceasing flow;
'Tis within your very power to make a poor
soul glad,
And yet you treat me as if I were a cad.

Maidenhood was once to me a name divine,
The very essence of a thought sublime;
But now a cynic's attitude I take,
And vow to God yet many hearts to break.

From lover to cynic, how can such a
transformation be?

Queried the mocking bird from yonder tree.
Mock not my plight, O bird immune to sorrow,
Who knows but that her heart may change
tomorrow.

2.

Hearts may change for Pity's sake,
Better for me a cup of hemlock or the stake;
And in my passing let this thought remain
That in my love, I did not love in vain.

In search of Beauty will I ever go,
And many disappointments from the earth
will flow;
'Till Man undaunted ever reigns supreme,
And in his vision, in his vision sees the
"Gleam".

A change so strange again I see in thee,
Cried mockingly a voice from yonder blooming
tree.

Vain thy mockery and mild its bitter sting,
For now I really know that it is Spring.

—N. D. Eliopoulos '38

SILENCE

—Bettina Hall '39

SILENCE is a gift. It is the blanket which for some compensates for the gabbling noises of this dissatisfied and bewildered race of animals called homo sapiens, and enables those few whom birth-right has given the special gift of genius to work and dream and create for the noise-some less-fortunate majority of mankind. It is only in silence that a dream or an ideal can reach out from the inner recesses of the mind and become a material temporal-spacial thing. Those who can create from their inner selves are those who have the great power of silence deep within them. A staid text book might call this kind of silence concentration; the name is immaterial, but the innate ability to make a safe haven of solitude for the development of conscious thought is all-important, for it is the great division between mediocrity and genius.

Man has seen the necessity for light and steam and better living, he has struggled and fought and died for the ideals of progress and civilization, but he has not yet seen the need for ubiquitous silence. Yet deep within every man is the memory of some sort of quiet when words were echoes of a forgotten world, when the very quiet itself was alive with thought unimpeded by mere sounds. This is the quiet that exists only in the things man is powerless to touch, this is the silence that has no use for clumsy words, in the midst of which vocal sounds are reduced to absurdity; it is the peace that men should seek, make an effort to create; for in the rush of modernity, without the cool balm of silence, man's energy will run out, and his genius will sink into the oblivion of the world's roar, like the last drop of water into the desert sand.

FRESHMANALIA

BEFORE THE STORM

—Marcelo Jose Oben '41

A hurricane had been announced, but that didn't matter: most of them never did come. It was a pleasant morning just like that of any early Autumn day. A faint breeze flowed softly through the "Flamboyant" trees, resembling a young lady's trailing veil, as she noiselessly walked to church. Of course, it was a false alarm; the birds were singing and the morning was pleasantly cool.

By noon the breeze had ceased. The "lull" had arrived! A black flag had been raised in place of the bright striped one. Maybe the warning was true; maybe a storm was coming.

The sky seemed turbulent, yet still like a dark upturned crater of whirling lava that had suddenly frozen, the sky faced the tiny space beneath. Massive dark clouds hung low as if wanting to break from their dome and smother the earth. The horizon was dark, hardly distinguishable. At the horizon the clouds looked like rolling mountains emerging from the ocean depths. Yet this wasn't true; nothing seemed true.

The ocean also was in mourning. Not a ripple could be seen, for the water just lay still, waiting. The palm trees no longer swayed; their branches lay loose, motionless. No birds could be seen or heard. Maybe the birds sensed the calm and sought refuge.

Inside the house there had been some early preparations, but now there was nothing to do but wait. The colored maid had gathered her belongings and had come to the larger house. On the maid's wrinkled forehead stood large drops of perspiration. The heat was unbearable. Our old dog lay panting in the center of the floor, but he too, got up as if wanting to complain of the heat. With his tail between his legs, the dog walked behind the couch, where he cuddled up. Maybe he too sensed insecurity. The silence was immense. Anxious eyes searched other persons' faces, but found no light. No one said anything, no one dared break the calm. Everything was unendurable. The heat, the silence, the calm, would they ever end? They did; the storm broke!

PUNCH DRUNK

—Ralph A. Bunk '41

SNAKES are low, but Jimmy Jackson's former manager is lower. He is a short thin, slick-haired person who wears gaudy clothes, smokes cigars, talks much, and says little. Jasper, that's his name, attached himself to Jimmie in much the same way as a fungus attaches itself to a tree and for the same purpose. Neither did he let go until his supporting tree's good supply was exhausted. Jasper saw Jimmie box in a small country fair one day two years ago. The boy that he was managing was about through; so Jasper was looking for another meal ticket. He found a two-year ticket in Jimmie.

Apollo, himself, couldn't have had a better physique than Jimmie had; nor a more royal carriage. Not only was he tall, broad-shouldered, and slim-waisted; but he also had lustrous blond hair, sparkling blue eyes, and firm, square jaw.

That first year Jim fought one hundred and twelve fights in the professional ring, twice as many as he should have. He won ninety-seven, lost seven, and got draws on the other eight. As a result his stringy manager lived well. But, as is the case with most parasites, he did not have enough sense to allow his host to live and feed him for a longer time. He sucked the very sap out of the tree that was supporting him. He signed Jimmie to fight men too heavy and out of his class.

What were the results? Jimmie began to lose more bouts; Jasper began to miss the easy money. At last the inevitable happened, the tree collapsed. Jimmie took one terrible beating too many. He was no longer able to fight and earn money for Jasper. Just as the tape worm or the fungus absorbs too much from its benefactor, so Jasper absorbed too much from Jimmie. (Incidentally, Jasper already has a new protege.)

Today Jimmie is a typical punch-drunk young fighter. The luster has left his hair, his eyes have lost their sparkle, his chin and shoulders sag, his arms hang loosely like an ape's, and he doesn't walk, he shuffles. How does he live? The host has turned parasite. He begs a meal from pitying fighters who once respected him. They dare not refuse for fear that some day they may turn worm and squirm for a meal or a friendly greeting. So remember, when you pass a blank-faced, much-scarred ex-fighter while on your way to the ticket window, don't feel annoyed if he asks you for an extra ticket. Perhaps he was once a man who commanded your respect just as those whom you pay fifty cents to twenty-five dollars to see, today command your admiration.

CLARK GABLE

—Edward Broderick '41

I HAVE known Clark Gable for two years. I met him in a Sears and Roebuck store just as I was going out. I do not know what he was doing there. He seemed a little bored. I stopped and made friends with him. Two hours later I had him my prisoner. I locked him in my bedroom and have kept him a prisoner ever since. I made him my personal servant and gave him two duties. He was to wake me each morning at the hour I designated, and he was to tell me the time whenever I asked for it.

Clark never tried to escape. I guess he knew that such an attempt would be in vain. He would be easily recognized and apprehended. His appearance is so striking, that no one would fail to recognize him. He has only one eye like the Cyclops Ulysses encountered in his wanderings. He used to wear a monocle that covered most of his face, but one day I became angry when he woke me too early, and I knocked him down and broke his monocle. His head is covered with bumps and scratches which testify to my frequent outbursts of rage. As far as I know he is bald, for I have never been able to discern any hair on his head. I also fear that he is an idiot, for his head is pointed. I have always been told that a pointed head was the sign of an idiot.

Clark never has a healthy complexion. It is always a pale green color. I believe he is always sick. His pulse is so strong that you can actually hear it if you listen. I am certain that Clark is suffering from some incurable disease, but he does not seem to mind his ailment. He never complains. He waits his inevitable end patiently. His square jaw gives him the determined look of a man who is facing death. He is a true fighter who is unafraid to face the facts.

I cannot complete any description of Clark without mentioning the two most interesting features about the man. The first is his harsh metallic voice. It sounds as though someone were emptying a bag of marbles into an empty milk pail. It is not a pleasant sound to listen to. I actually hate the sound myself. The second interesting feature about Clark is the tattoo which he has on his face. Right under his nose there are tattooed these words in black, "The Gable, Eight Day Alarm."

PERSONAL HISTORY

Doubleday, Doran & Co., 1935.

PERSONAL HISTORY, by Vincent Sheean, is one of the most important autobiographies that has been written by an American in many years. It is a symbol of a whole generation of American writers and intellectuals—the generation that reached maturity at the time of the World War and spent the 1930's wandering about the physical, economic, and spiritual worlds in search of an ineffable reality.

After the War, most Americans resumed the routine of ordinary life that had been disrupted in 1917: They returned to their wives, and husbands, and offices, and factories, and they have led respectable and inconspicuous lives ever since. But a few, who had more philosophic minds or more sensitive souls than the rest, could not return to normal life. They felt, rightly or wrongly, that a universal catastrophe had destroyed all traditional concepts, moral, political, and, especially, economic. This small but talented group of men and women constituted what Gertrude Stein, in one of her more lucid moments, called the Lost Generation. Vincent Sheean belonged to that Lost Generation, and in *Personal History* he has written a representative post-War autobiography.

Personal History is an interesting book, an absorbing book, a truly important book. In fact, it should have been a modern *Odyssey*; but it is not. It should have been, not only an influential and representative book, but a great autobiography worthy of being ranked with such a classic as *The Education of Henry Adams*. Financially, it will be a great success; but, in a larger sense, it will be a failure. Twenty-five years from now few people will be reading the autobiography of Vincent Sheean.

Personal History should have been great because the story it has to tell is really remarkable. Fate seemed to decree that Vincent Sheean should pass through a greater number of vivid and amazing experiences than any other post-War American. During the War, Sheean went to the University of Chicago, for he was too young to enlist. Disgusted by the social and academic life at Chicago, the

"Modern Gothic," he left without taking a degree. For a few months he worked for a huge Mid-Western corporation; but, disgusted by the brutalities and unethical practices of the business world, he left America altogether at the age of twenty-two.

We next see Sheean in Paris, associating with Ernest Hemingway and working for the *Chicago Tribune* published in Paris for the ten thousand American exiles. Then we see him in Geneva, learning the art of being a foreign correspondent. In America he had seen dirty state politics; now he saw dirty international politics. Mussolini, he says, was the only honest crook in the lot.

A year later he went to Madrid to learn Spanish; but he got drunk one night, and the Secret Police arrested him as a spy. Then the fierce Riff War broke out in northern Africa, and Sheean amazed the newspaper world by penetrating the Arab lines and sending back daily dispatches to the N. A. N. A.

After a sojourn in the Persian deserts, he arrived in Moscow, at that time the land of the free and the home of the brave. For months he argued Communism with Scott, Nearing and the other American exiles who had gone there to find Utopia. As extra-curriculum activity, he had an affair, Platonic he assures us, with an American woman radical. Ultimately he decided that he preferred Western Civilization to a life devoted to working for somebody else's great grandchildren in Russia.

So he left for China via England and America. He arrived at Shanghai the day the Communist Revolution erupted. Escaping miraculously with the Soviet war lord, Michael Borodin, he made his way across Siberia to Moscow again. He arrived just in time to witness the coup d'état by which Comrade Stalin supplanted Comrade Trotsky. Then, as life became dull again, he went down to Jerusalem. A week later, the Arabs and the Jews engaged in their bloodiest battle of the decade. Having seen enough death and revolution for a while, Sheean settled down on the French Riviera.

Vincent Sheean's unparalleled wandering furnished him with the raw materials for a great autobiography. *Personal History* fails to scale the heights, however, because, in the first place, Sheean cannot write, and, in the second

place, he is woefully deficient in things philosophic.

Sheean, as Quiller-Couch would say, does not write prose, either English or American; he writes the jargon of the newspaper—a utilitarian medium for making yourself understood, but not the stuff out of which permanent literature is made. I doubt whether you can find a single well written paragraph in the whole book. Only because of the unusual story we continue to read the book; the plodding, pedestrian style would have ruined a more commonplace chronicle.

Although the style alone will probably prevent the book from lasting, in addition, what we may call Sheean's spiritual and philosophic deficiencies make its early death certain. Perhaps no other living person saw the stirring, world-shaking events that Sheean witnessed. But what did all the rebellions, and wars, and deaths, and upheavals mean to him? Apparently they did not mean very much. He seems to be constitutionally incapable of describing accurately his own personal reactions, if, indeed, he had any.

One simply cannot read this autobiography as a story alone; the material cries out for interpretation. What did Russia mean to Vincent Sheean? Must we continue to watch the absurdities of Geneva? What is the source of the conflict in the Holy Land? These and a hundred other questions remain unanswered at the end of the book. We fail to find the expected record of the impact of the contemporary world upon an American mind. As we read, we feel that the author is a man who has seen life and should be able to tell us something about it; but he can tell us nothing; he can only report; and we are justifiably disappointed. Whenever he tries to generalize, he calls attention to his rather vague and woolly understanding of the issues involved in the modern world. His attempts at interpretation usually trail off into feeble comments such as the one he makes toward the end of the book: "Well, I guess morality never was anything more than expediency, anyway."

Vincent Sheean should have written a new *Odyssey*; instead, he has written another best seller.

—G. W. Swift

"INJUNS"

—F. Hopkins '40



TWO THOUGHTS FOR SPRING

When storms and strong winds whip
Against me as I try,
With head bent low, to gain
A step, I am a ship—
Triumphant over sky
And gale and lashing rain.

All in me is an eager want
To pass through every gold-brown tree
And sail the pale, pale sky—a taunt
To scan the lovely earth and see
The dwarfed acres everyplace,
And then to reach an air so far
That I could look around at space
And find behind me every star.

—Leo Leclair '39

IT might have been early morning of a day in the latter part of the nineteenth century; it might have been the fiercely raging, lashing frenzy of a war dance, that these brilliantly clad bucks were whirling to; it might have been a mad rum-gorged prelude to the massacre of a white emigrant train, over the hill; but it wasn't. It was just an ordinary tribal dance that the Umatilla braves were dancing; but to us, standing packed around the inside wall of an immense circular tent, it was as glamorous, romantic, soul-stirring a spectacle as we had ever witnessed. The Romance of the far west! It was here, crowded into a few short hours,—before us, in the writhing, straining, oil-painted bodies of the bucks,—alongside us, in the shining eyes of the squat figures of the squaws,—behind us, in the ghostly outlines of large tepees, standing out from the dark background of cottonwoods along the riverbank where the air was fresh and cool compared to the stifled atmosphere of the tent. Kerosene lamps hung at intervals around the tent. Halfway between the center and one side were the drums and the drummers. While beating out the throbbing rhythm of the dance, they would sing at intervals, nasal, lilting, folk songs, interrupted occasionally by a wild "ya—Hooooohui!" of an enthusiastic dancer. Some were slow, some fast, some contorted, some calm; but all beat the bare ground

rhythmically, the bells on their ankles jingling in unison like cymbals. Huge corollas of tufted eagle feathers, fastened to their sweating backs, were jerking up and down, from side to side, as each young buck strove to dance faster jump higher, yell mightier, than his companions. It was hardly reality; it was more pure romance and riotous imagination, except for the fact that we could hear it, feel it, taste it, smell it, and see it all before us, that glorious, intense dance of the Umatilla "Injuns".



IMPERTINENT SPRING

Impertinent Spring
With a wiskery wing—
Rebellious, liquid,
Heartbreaking thing.

You swagger in town
On a blustering breeze,
Blowing off hats
And making us sneeze,
Opening windows
And budding the trees—

Say, what do you mean
By this rollicking—
Mischievous, precious,
Impertinent Spring! —Shirley Goldberg '38

THE CIO AND LABOR

(Continued from Page 1)

a half a million dollars to the campaign to organize steel. As might have been expected, the executive committee of the AFL quibbled away the year without even an attempt at organization. It must be remembered, too, that most men in steel worked nine hours a day at little more than two dollars. So, in 1935 ten of the humane unions formed the committee for Industrial Organization. Their success has been phenomenal and the most encouraging movement labor has seen in years.

Such a movement could not flourish and escape criticism—some has been valid, but most has been malicious and subversive coming principally from the capitalist controlled newspapers and the craft unions of the AFL. The press, of course could not be expected to do other than they have. It has indulged in red-baiting, an admission of the invalidity of its criticism. There is not much point in answering these tirades based as they are on the major premises of those who own the industries. To them any infringement on their right to huge profits, at any expense, is to be branded with the epithet Communist and is denounced as undemocratic (U. S. Steel has paid out profits of 78 million annually for the last 35 years). What basis the AFL has for criticism is rather vague, if real. The craft unions claim that the CIO is invading grounds whose organization has been granted to them in their charters, but it is not the intent of the CIO to enter those fields already organized. What claims the AFL unions do possess are on paper and have no real significance at all. The AFL has never seriously attempted to organize mass production, industries and they are not really worried about whether they are organized or not. There are about thirty nine million workers in the United States. Of these, the AFL has organized three million. Not a very enviable record. But the Federation like all well-established institutions is very conservative and likes to see things remain constant.

Organized labor should be the last place to find factional splits, for its strength is directly proportional to its unity. The AFL and CIO are not mutually exclusive, rather they are, at present, complementary. The organization of unskilled workers has no harmful effects on skilled labor, rather it is an aid, for the employer will be more liable to grant his contracts to skilled union men if he employs union laborers. It is quite probable that the two will unite since there is a great num-

ber in the AFL who would like to see a really powerful labor organization. The CIO needs the membership of the Federation to support its policies.

The development of a labor party is the secondary object of the CIO. The leaders of the CIO feel that although, industrial accomplishment in the U. S. has surpassed all other countries, operation of industries has been conducted for the common good. The reason for this is that it is necessary to form a political party which will be favorable to the workers, the majority, of the American people. Already the efforts of the CIO have been fruitful. There can be no doubt that the passage of the Wagner labor act was largely due to the efforts of the CIO. The recent decision to have the salaries of highly paid executives published is a product of the CIO. There is every reason to hope that the CIO will develop a strong labor party in the United States, such a party is almost the sole guarantee for the preservation of a democracy which will disappear in the event of a war. It is the only party that can truly represent the wishes of the people.

It has not been the cries of Communist that have alienated most people from the CIO. It has been the ruthless tactics. These tactics where they have been said to be harsh and in some cases illegal have also been necessary. Cooperation with machine guns means death. Neither can you cooperate with labor spies. Even a hasty examination of labor violence reveals that it can be laid principally to the capitalists. Since the CIO has begun to organize at least twenty men have been murdered, and every one of them was a union man. Ethically the sit-down strike is legal, if you recognize that labor has rights in industry. People point with pride to the AFL and tell how little violence it has had, but when the AFL was first organized, it was described as Communist and went through all the difficulties now confronting the CIO. Anyone who knows these facts, who opposes the aims of a labor party is anti-democratic, Fascist. Fascism is built on the exploitation and domination of labor. The Girdlers and the Weirs must be destroyed. A political party, such as the CIO is building, must be created to see that the "needs and aims of wage and salary workers as to compensation, hours of work, and living standards, together with the recognition and establishment of the essential principles and guarantees of industrial democracy" are realized.

for the Southern State to make this execution public; it was a clever substitute for the lynching that might have occurred. It was far better to let the poor-whites attend a carefully planned, noiseless, riotless, execution, than to let them damage an antiquated county jail to remove a man and kill him in a crude fashion. It was far better for the poor man to die cleanly, painlessly, not in the flickering light of torches, not in the midst of a howling, frenzied mob, with the danger of being torn to pieces, not with a fire gnawing at his feet, but in the perfect atmosphere for death: a quiet, peaceful town square. Let the farmers enjoy the free spectacle! Let them bring their lunches and families! Let them make a picnic of it all! There would be no souvenir-hunting afterward for charred pieces of bone or loose teeth; there would be no storm of criticism from the North. Let the man die for a worthy cause.

But the man did not want to die. He stood with his head lifted skyward, as if in silent supplication to the gods that created him. He still cherished the idea that at the last moment, somehow, he would be released from the sentence of death. Or perhaps he was dreaming, recalling in the last few seconds everything he could remember of his life. Perhaps he was innocent of the crime for which

SPARKS FROM THE ANVIL

(A miscellaneous collection of "bits and bits" from Freshman themes. After all, the Freshmen are the clay to be molded for the future; and who can tell but one of the sparks may, some day, start a bonfire?)

* *

"When I read T. S. Eliot's poems . . . I felt as though I had heard a small insignificant bell jangle jarringly within me."

—D. H. C.

* *

"We like to read poetry to share an emotion, to feel 'the intensification of life' that is contained in the rhymed word."

—J. F.

* *

"I believe a match makes a man think of his life; past, present and future. The living flame . . . is the passing of man's life day by day, while the dead blackness is man's never-to-be relived past."

—R. J. B.

* *

"At nightfall the Mountain cautiously draws a heavy black cape over its sloping shoulders and rounded back."

—R. A. B.

~~~~~  
he was to be hanged. No one would ever know the strange thoughts running through this man's mind.

As I gazed at this morbid scene, it seemed to waver, fade, then dissolve into another scene of a less dismal nature. I saw the man as a boy, playing with some friends on a coastal beach. He was very happy in the bright sunshine, making little castles of sand. Then I saw him years older, dancing with a girl at a college affair. He was happy then, too, but in his eyes there was a foreboding of what was to come. The scene darkened, and I saw the man walking along a lonely country road with a woman. It was dusk, with the trees on each side of the road making deep shadows. Suddenly, for some unaccountable reason, he springs upon the woman and kills her. Then the courtroom scene comes into view, another "American Tragedy." The man is found guilty and sentenced to die. Again, the scene changes, and I see the scaffold, the hangman, and the waiting crowd. The man seems ready to die, although he is still looking at the low, gray clouds above him. Everything seems in exactly the same position. I reach forward—and touch the scene.

*It is an excellent mural.*

## FRAGMENT

Death, he thought, is not a stranger fact Than life. A person lived with, seen, Heard, and touched, becomes a habit Lost at sometime or other; this is death. The people here beside me in the street cars, They too, for a moment's flash, are part Of my whole scheme of life—then they are gone,

The same as death, they were, they spoke, I heard, and knew them—and the opening And closing of a door have cut them from me, And all of us have died.

(He remembered his father's face); He was my habit, and this was his stop; He got off. There are others on this car And we shall ride, and our bodies sway And bump, knowing each other's touch. There is a stop for each, and space is filled And emptied. That is all. I have lost A habit.

It was his stop! he took the Bruskly proffered transfer—it was orange— And stepped slowly downward to the subway Where the train, a sleek and lazy hog, Wallowed in the naked, yellow light.

—Nestor

## DEATH SCENE

—Myron W. Fisher '39

THE man was about to die. The noose was already placed around his neck. But everyone was waiting: The executioner was waiting for the signal to spring the trap. The small solemn group on the platform was waiting, as if to grant the doomed man a few more seconds of precious life. The crowd of farmers and townspeople was waiting, waiting expectantly, eagerly, for the rare moment when a man would die publicly. Even the peanut-vendor, who made a mockery of Death with his basket of peanuts, was waiting—to see a man's spine snap like one of his brittle peanut shells. The trees, the clouds, the wind—the very Earth—seemed to pause, motionless, waiting for a man to die.

The farmers had come for miles around to witness the hanging. They brought with them their wives, their children, to make a general holiday of this occasion. Now they filled the town square, making an uneven fleshy plain of upturned faces. Here a mother was holding her baby aloft, above the crowd, so that the child could see more easily the death of a man. In another part of the crowd, an old, white-haired woman was pressing a handkerchief to her eyes. But it was a clever move



## HEINE--THE ROMANTIC MUGWUMP

—Francis E. Smith '39

**H**EINE is an author who should be very much in vogue for almost every generation. He has combined in his writing qualities that should endear him to the hearts both of Romanticist and Realist.

To choose any definite Romantic temper for Heine, in the light of his inconsistency, would be as senseless as to name any constant height for the waves of the sea. His character is written clearly in every page of his Reisebilder and even in many of his lyrics. The truth is that Heine himself did not know what school he belonged to. He did not wish to be called a Romanticist. According to the famous passage in which he exhorts posterity to lay the sword and not the laurel upon his grave because he was a brave soldier in "dem Befreiungskriege der Menschheit," Heine wished to be remembered as a liberator. But the fact remains that he was very proud of his romantic lyrics and much resented adverse criticism. Such are the indications of his diversity of character.

And as what kind of a liberator would Heine have us acclaim him? Goethe declared himself the liberator of German poets. Heine wanted to be the liberator of German intellect. But we are concerned with his romanticism and must adhere to literary thought. Nor will we be slighting Heine to any great extent by thus limiting ourselves; although he tried to stand for large ideas and whole national movements—and in some extent he did—the narrow satire that he penned, when it is collected, seems to point more to literary modifications than to actual changes in the work-a-day world. Matthew Arnold calls him the main current of literary thought that flowed from Goethe, the fountainhead.

Living as he did from 1799 to 1856, Heine passed his youth in the very height of the Romantic school that dominated European literature in the first third of the nineteenth century. But the great are never imitators. The great are innovators. Heine sprang from a social stock of super-class Jews, the same group from which rise such famed figures as Rothschild, Mendelssohn, and Chopin. With a keen native intellect Heine looked about him and saw heavy Germans peering with tearful eyes back to the glamour of the Middle Ages and longing quite conventionally for the "days that are no more." He saw them preoccupied, for the most part, with the mystic past, while life and time flowed realistically by and left them weeping stolidly into the stream. Heine, as much as he disliked the French in some ways, admired them greatly because they were not only able to conceive ideas but had the flexibility necessary to put them into practice. He wanted Germany to feel the force of for-

eign intellectual ferment, to lose their love of the old for its own sake and adopt the new for the sake of all mankind.

But Heine was not always dead in earnest. In a sense at least he was a true Romanticist. He was intensely individual, intensely emotional, and hence intensely unstable. A man capable of lamenting in most passionate terms for the passing of Napoleon, he could smile out upon the still sadder spectacle of a Nation of Philistines as—in his own words—"a joyous, somewhat corpulent Hellenist, laughing down upon the melancholy Nazariners." Strength of character was not one of Heine's virtues. Just as he mixed praise with blame in one sentence, so he mixed good with bad in his life. Arnold sums his weaknesses: "his intemperate susceptibility, his unscrupulousness in passion, his inconceivable attacks on his friends, his want of generosity, his incessant mocking"—all these are the individual traits that flowed from his life through his pen into the works that he desired should influence the world!

Though Heine utterly rejected both stock Romanticism and stock Classicism, he could not but object to the narrow scientific outlook of the growing school of empiric rationalism and favor the beauty of the romantic world in which he lived. Heine longed to be exotic. He yearned to give way to the ecstatic and forget the real; but he was unable to sail under false colors and of necessity often came about in his romantic course to preserve what he could of his integrity. He is well called the Romanticist to end Romanticists, the man who saw the folly of his ways, of the ways of those who worked about him, and tried hard to change them. Richard Burton compares him to Carlyle in England and to Ibsen in Norway. His sudden breaking of romantic ideas by incongruous returns to reality serve as ingenious ridicule against the slush of the Philistine. His romantic flights were themselves of the highest calibre; and, pointed as were his ripid descents, often does one regret his promiscuous mood-breaking. Burton complains of this habit in these words: "Even the exquisite, deep romanticism of his lyrics is sometimes rudely broken into by his own sneering laugh; it is as if the critic in him had of a sudden made him ashamed of his own emotion."

But whatever one may think of his literary mixtures of sugar and spice or of his moral waverings, his poems, expressing as they do the quickness of French thought in the beautiful simplicity of the German lyric form, will remain among the best of the world. We of today, having learned to condemn every emotion that harbors the tiniest tinge of sentiment, are glad to place a sword on Heine's tomb. Who knows but tomorrow the laurel may cover the sword? No matter which honor succeeding ages may elect, that honor shall be just. For Heinrich Heine deserved them both.

## A HALF CENTURY PASSES

Beneath the shadow of Blue Job he lies,  
There where the road goes straggling  
round the bend,  
"Killed at Ball's Bluff"—the headstone tells  
his end;  
And now above his grave the grackle cries.

And here's a marker for the younger lad,  
He whose bright youth went out at scarce  
seventeen,  
Whose body rotted, while the soul grew  
lean  
Within the fetid pen\* where men went mad.

For sixty years and more they've mouldered  
there;  
The land they saved is full of common  
men,  
Who hear no song, no heavenly vision ken,  
Was it for such these died, these lads so  
rare?

—Prof. Walter E. Prince.

\*Andersonville



## BALZAC

"A man with a woman in his arms is like an orangutan with a violin"

Be careful; for those singing overtones,  
That haunting witchery that is a soul,  
Can stop together. This is not flesh and bones,  
But all eternity, this woman that you hold  
Within the circle of your arms. And she  
Can be destroyed as any song can die  
When blundering fingers play it all off key.  
So softly, friend, and know, before you try  
To touch the strings. They can so quickly  
break.

See how the great violinist, tender still,  
Touches the thing he loves, and knows the way  
To draw from passive wood and strings; to  
take

The soul of music in his hand. His skill  
Is so the way with women. Gently, brother,  
pray.

—Anonymous

(Ed. Note: This is another interpretation of the famous quotation.)

## WAITING FOR A BLIND DATE

—R. F. Halloran '41

**I** AM sitting on a huge, billowy divan in a corner of the ambei-lighted parlor of Tyler Annex. I feel heroic: I am about to rescue a young lady who was stood up at the last minute. The girls have just returned from the dining-hall and are bouncing up the winding stairs at my left. Each girl, as she passes, stares at me openly as if she were appraising a museum piece. I return the stares and I think my face has assumed a pleasant smile. A stream-lined honey, plodding up the stairs with two companions, points in my direction and giggles something to her companions. Is she pointing at me? At any rate, the three throw back their heads and laugh. I have difficulty in controlling the muscles of my face, and my eyeballs become

parched as I try to appear unconcerned. A burning sensation spreads over my whole face. The divan, which at first was so cool and peaceful, now seems to harbor within its upholstery a terrifically hot blaze which crackles with every breath I take. Can this be my date? Oh, it's too foolish even to think



of it.

Thoughts burn me from within, as the divan does from without. While an endless line of girls goes by, I dare only to look alternately at the floor and the ceiling. The deep-tufted, brown rug is squashed to the shiny, brown floors by a parade of cruel shoes, only to rise stubbornly again like a forest of miniature pines. The rough, unfinished, brown oak ceiling seems to rest upon the dense amber light of the chandelier.—I wonder if she is my date.

At last the parade of young ladies to the upper regions of the dormitory stops. A giantess, with a cigarette drooping from her scarlet lips, straddles the piano bench directly opposite me and begins to pound out Beethoven's Ninth. The couple in the dimly-lit corner at my right settle down to a nice, quiet—conversation as I wade over to the piano. I remark that I like Beethoven. The

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## WHITE BUFFALO

*Continued from Page 1*

Many of the stars clung to his tail, and the poor, stupid ones below said there was a new comet; and they hastened to make many learned calculations as to the age of the earth, and its real relation to the speed of their latest discovery. Crouched low on the buffalo's back, I laughed at the thought, and the wind whipped through my hair, brazenly trying to carry it away. And one lone star came and cuddled beside me; her twinkling light kept me warm, there in the shaggy coat of the buffalo, for the winds were trying desperately to tear us both away. But our nest was deep and the white fur held us in.

When we landed on the moon, once again I was thrilled to see that it was really made of cheese, just as Grandpa Bradford had said, for the white buffalo had taken him there many years before when he was sailing on the south seas. All about us there were white buffalo grazing. That is why there are craters and peaks on the moon. The stupid, little men with the squinty eyes have many theories, many very deep-thought theories about them, but I can tell you why they are.

The moon is not made of just one kind of cheese. There is every kind there. The mountains are of Rum Cheddar, and Coon, and Gorgonzola. The valleys are the softer cheeses, cottage and sweet pimento. And in my wanderings there, once, far in the distance, I smelled a swamp of Limburger.

Now the white buffalo are gentle beasts for all their great size and strength and speed of flight. They like to browse on the softer cheeses. So it is, that they have eaten these away from the moon's original roundness

## BED SIXTY-SEVEN

She was old; and tired  
Of lying in a hospital bed.  
Her face was ashen—  
And her hands were blue.  
Her face was sunken—  
And her hands were still.  
She was old; and tired  
Of lying in a hospital bed.  
So she left it.  
Her face was calm—  
And her hands were idly folded.

*—Beryl Briggs '39*

## WAITING FOR A BLIND DATE

*Continued from Page 5*

giantess replies that she likes Beethoven—and strides off. Sociable pack of wenches!

I find myself in the center of a group of girls who are waiting to play the piano. I turn abruptly and stride back to the shelter of the divan which has been miraculously cooled by the atmosphere of solitude which has settled down over this corner of the room. As I sink into the depths of the divan, I catch sight of the stream-lined Venus floating down the stairs in evening dress. She approaches and her beauty completely unnerves me. She asks me if I am Billy Hall, and I reply that I am, and I add that I am a very lucky fellow, too. At this she lifts an eyebrow which raises the tip of her exquisite nose. I blurt out that I might as well know her name and, in the same breath, ask her if she has any ideas as to where we can go. The low, rasping notes of a horn interrupt me. The beautiful young woman before me becomes just a little girl, anxious with anticipation. Flustered, she stammers that she is sorry, but she hasn't any time, and that I had better wait and ask Conny, who, by the way, says that she will be ready in a minute. She runs to the door, flings it open, halts momentarily in the doorway, and with great dignity descends the steps and is helped into a waiting Cadillac. Imagine—an evening spoiled by a beautiful girl!

until they have created valleys, while the more firm cheeses remain as mountains. Of course, there are veins of the softer cheeses running through the mountains. I remember once seeing a range with a streak of orange-yellow along its side, which I decided to be Old English.

Last night as my great friend browsed about a cream cheese valley, I wandered away toward one of these mountain ranges. Climbing it was rather difficult because of the Swiss crevices, but I finally reached firm cheese. Tasting it, I found it to be Rum Cheddar. Grandpa Bradford said that the rum has been oozing up from the center of the moon over a period of centuries, which is why the cheese is so rich and mellow. I recommend it if ever a buffalo comes to take you to the moon.

But if you wish him to come some night, when the stars are bright, you must never say when you see a flash in the sky, "There goes a comet."

Rather say, "A white buffalo is out tonight." And then if some child with golden ringlets of hair, and blue, blue eyes like Grandpa Bradford's should want to know about them, tell her this story which I have told to you, and which Grandpa Bradford once told to me. If you are sincere, I know a white buffalo will come, and you will ride with stars for company, and eat Coon cheese on the moon.



## THOUGHT

Across a field  
I walked,  
And noticing  
A flower,  
Torn and crushed,  
Lying on the ground,  
I picked it up,  
Brushed the dirt  
From its petals,  
And wondered why  
Such a sacrifice  
Must be made  
At the altar  
Of mankind.

*—Dean Terry '40*

## REMEMBER

On such a haunting mystic night as this,  
When the Swan glides in her splendor through  
the sky,  
When petals sway beneath the dew-drops kiss,  
And lilies, blown by darkness, swoon and sigh  
As two young lovers sighed while love was  
new  
And grasped new ecstasy from cloistered  
years—  
A full moon in some chapel tower struck two  
But questing lips, unheeding, pressed like  
tears,  
Till weary eyes perceived the dawn's caress  
And parting seemed such sweet and wistful  
sorrow  
As tired fingers threw bits of loveliness  
Till you were lost in distance and in morrow.  
On such exotic, mystic nights as this,  
My memory quivers 'neath your ghostly kiss.

*—Harold McCarthy '41*

## GOING MY WAY?

*Continued from Page 1*

until it reaches a position above and to the right of the right shoulder. There it is held until the car is just opposite, and then dejectedly dropped. To be at all successful this method must be accompanied by a look similar to what is seen upon the return of final exams. Method 1B is the quick anticipating method, or the I'm in a Hurry idea. The hand is firmly clenched, with the thumb pointing out, and is then moved horizontally across the body. This is rapidly repeated many times. To be even more successful a bumper should run along in the direction he wants to go. However, he must not turn his back on the car. To avoid this, he must place his right foot one step to the right, rapidly move his left up to it, and repeat in harmony with his hand. This is rather tiring on Sundays.

Method 2A is called The Wooden Indian, and is used by thumbers with lots of time and little ambition. The arm is held in the position illustrated by The Little Hitch-hiker in the Sunday papers. With this method a thumber must repeatedly sing out the words, "Nov Schmoz Ka Pop!"\* Method 2B is the pointing method, called The Question Thumb. The arm is stretched out with fore-finger pointing toward the destination. Every so often the thumber must bring his hand back, shade his eyes in the Columbus manner, lean forward, and peer intently down the road to see if his destination is still there. In this way he can show prospects that he really means business.

In Method 3 a bumper assumes the Claudette Colbert stance, as was seen in "It Happened One Night." This is called the Why Not Method, and is applicable only to certain types of feminine hitch-hikers. Nothing more need be said.

Method 4A is the beginner's or the bashful person's method, called the I'll Take a Chance Method. A person merely starts to thumb a ride, then appears to change his mind, and quickly pulls in his signal, thus giving a scared bunny effect which proves very successful when accompanied by blushing and a Freshman cap. Method 4B is the sight-seeing method, or the If You Insist Method. Both hands are placed in the pockets, and placidly kept there. When a car comes along the bumper appears not to notice it, but looks at the flowers and the mountains. This method is the most comfortable one for rainy days, and is practically the only one which can be used when returning to Amherst from Northampton. Method 4C is the It Pays To Advertise Method, sometimes called The Collegiate Method. A bumper completely covers his luggage and himself with stickers and posters of colleges and other pleasure resorts. He might even carry up his sleeve for extremely poor bumming situations a sign with his destination printed on it, to wear around his neck.

The art of thumbing is marked in general by patience and practice, except in Method 3, and there by practice and attitude. All methods are successful when used correctly, and all must be learned thoroughly for extensive bumming. It is a very good point to alternate the methods. This, besides being a change and more of a show for the Ladies Society meeting in the house on the corner, helps keep a person in practice with all the methods. There are times, indeed, when the art of thumbing seems to be on the decline, and bumpers get discouraged, but let us remember the words of John Bumeride, the first American hitch-hiker, who said,

"A long, long wait is not in vain,  
If I can see her once again."

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## SIGUARD'S SAGA

—Solveig Uine Liljegren '38

**A**LONE, on a cliff overhanging the Hardangerfjord, stood a small boy, immovable as a statue, gazing down the length of the fjord to where it disappeared around a bend. The air was very clear, for it was autumn. There was scarcely a cloud in the sky, and the water, far below him, lay black and calm as a mirror, only a little wave lapping very gently against the base of the sheer cliff, now and then. On the further side of the narrow fjord, a foamy waterfall cascaded down the mountain side.

The setting sun turned the boy's curly hair into gleaming gold. The eyes under his shading hand were as blue as the short tunic he wore. Around his waist was a heavy gold belt, with a dagger in it, and thrown back over his shoulders a red mantle of heavy silk. A pair of leather sandals completed his costume.

There was no sign of life anywhere—only a lone eagle circling about in leisurely twists and turns. But the boy took no note of it, as he stood there, as though waiting for something—

He was the son of a wealthy and powerful Viking chief who had been away on an expedition since early spring, and now that the days were getting shorter, the boy came every day to this look-out and watched for the ship's return.

Suddenly, he came to life, and began to run along the edge of the cliff with the surefootedness of one who knows every crevice in the rock. After a while, he came to the head of the fjord, and there, below him, lay a fair valley, with rolling wheat-fields ready for harvest, and new mown hay hung up on rocks, to dry in the sun. There were bright trees growing down to the water's edge, and farther up the valley, the evergreen forest, dark, deep and well nigh impenetrable.

As he came down into the valley, it was already growing dark, there in the shadow of the mountain. He heard a cow-bell in the distance, and a milk-maid calling the cows home. Ahead of him loomed a large house built of heavy logs, with a shingled roof. A magnificent pair of elk horns was set in the gable over the entrance. He pushed open the heavy carved door, and entered a large hall, where several women were seated around the open central fireplace.

A huge dog rose from a corner, and came towards him in one bound, leaping upon him joyfully, and nearly knocking him down.

"Down, Boy, down!" he said in a firm, clear voice, putting his arms around the dog's neck.

One of the women looked up, and her eyes brightened as she saw the boy. He was so stalwart and handsome, this little son of hers—so like his father. Then she sighed and asked him gently.

"Siguard, my son, where have you been? It is nearly dark and long past suppertime."

"Up there, Mother."

"You saw nothing?"

"Only an eagle. If I had brought my bow and arrow, I could have shot it. Such a large one, too!"

Continued on Page 4

## ALUMNI

### ACROSS A DECADE

—Ellsworth Barnard '28

**I**N the verge of one's "Tenth"—one of the most heroic of many efforts to recreate a forever vanished past—one may perhaps be pardoned for yielding to a request to reminisce; or even, it may be, for indulging in one or two unrequested comparisons. At the worst, undergraduates may find amusement in contemplating the following sketch of what must seem to them a primitive and barbarous society.

That society was then known as Massachusetts Agricultural College, and many a manly heart and voice yearned for "Aggie, my Aggie." True, the student body sometimes grew restive as speaker after speaker at Assembly (now dignified by the more elegant appellation of Convocation, according to the same genteel tradition by which the plebeian "Veg. Gardening" of other days has now been endowed with the mellifluous title of "Olericulture") complimented it on its exclusive devotion to the soil and the tilling thereof; and feeling sometimes ran high between the "Four Years" and the "Two Years" (the latter being the inmates of the institution now known—except in the public press—as the Stockbridge School of Agriculture). But any suggestion of a change in name was scarcely thought of.

A new name—and a new face. The old Drill Hall stood alone in all the glory of sagging rafters and splintered floors between

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### SONNET

New England spring, with hearts and eyes  
I see

The first faint touch of warmth has lightly  
laid

A tremor in the earth, Each far-flung tree  
Is touched with haunting green, so pale it  
fades

On second glance, like stars just out of sight.  
The welcome tang of broken earth now spills  
Along the chalice of this valley, light  
And heady as the sunset on the hills.

These hills, too, turn their broken backs to  
feel

Strokes of a new-warmed sun. With mystic  
touch

The black rock-lines are blurred to green,  
which lies

Velvet-like and close. So now will heal  
The winter scars; while I, with over-much  
Of beauty drugged, can only stumble.—sonnet-  
wise.

—Betina Hall '39

## IN THE TRAIL OF THE MOON

—Bradford Nye

(Woewee, Indian girl, has gone on a long journey across the waters. Her lover rebels momentarily against his ordered life, and flees back to the scenes of their happiness.)

**A**ND the Maker of Medicine gathered many of his tribal followers about him and said to them, "Go and gather material which is firm and solid. Make from it something which is strong and useful. Make, perhaps, a basin which will hold Reason, or a heavy two-wheeled cart in which to draw Logic. Then bring it to me and I will test it. I will find its many flaws that you may mend them, and, when I have finished, you may carry your patched creation away again, that next time your work may be better. Now go. Work seriously and well, if you wish high favor."

And the stalwart Indians rose from the council, and went their many ways to collect useful materials for their high priest. All save one. He knew that he was disobeying rules long followed by the tribe, but quickly he slipped away across the warm earth to the lake beyond. There, he stepped lightly into his canoe. Long he paddled, in the beauty of the untamed lake. When his arms grew weary, shoreward he went, and passed beneath a giant pine, whose boughs hung low over the water.

When the moon sifted again between the canoe and the shoreline, the lone brave saw, sitting in the bow, a rabbit, a very strange and beautiful one, for her fur was soft, and moonbeams danced in her white fluffy tail.

And it did not seem strange to the Indian that the rabbit should be there in the bow of his canoe, for among the Indians it is believed that the spirit of a loved one may return in the form of an animal, and console him who is lonely. So it was, that this must be his Woewee, who had had to go far beyond the waters, leaving him alone and lonely.

Woewee, whose eyes had been deep as the pool below the great falls; her eyes flecked with color, as was the pool, too, with its flashing trout in the bright day's sunlight. He looked again at the rabbit, and her eyes were clear and bright and flecked with color. Now he was sure that it was she, and his heart was joyous. Then out of the quiet night and the stars came a voice; it was the voice of Woewee singing him their song, which only they knew and understood. The tones were clear as the sap which flows from the maple in the spring. It came to him as the smell of balsam, catching and holding his senses with its sweetness. Always had it been thus when she sang to him (his Woewee of the sugar woods.)

Reaching up to the branches overhead, he caught one and bent it down. Hooking it into the gunnel of his canoe, he rested his paddle,

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## FRESHMANALIA

## CAPE COD DAYS

—Gladys G. Archibald '41

**N**OW, a hotel overshadows the dune and the grey shingled cottage. But then, we—my sister, my brother, and I—could jump from the edge of the sand pit and proudly shout, "Our dune's the biggest one on the beach!" The dune faced the west, and under the torrid, August afternoon sun, each tiny grain of sand felt, even to our calloused bare feet, like a Lilliputian dagger. Just as the sun was going down, now robbed of all its majestic strength, we would run pell-mell to the big dune to romp and throw sand in each other's hair, until we should see on the horizon the thin smoke that told us the "New Yorker" was coming. We would then climb the wall of the sand pit and, panting, sit in a row at the top to watch the big steam boat grow from a black speck into a stately liner, solemnly whistling her arrival at the entrance to the Cape Cod Canal. When we could no longer see the three black funnels, we took a last leap and rolled in the cool sand, hoping—just hoping—that Mother would forget to call us. But no—there was the clanking of the bronze cow-bell. "Bed-time, bed-time!" We could hear the chant echo behind us in the dune, but it was not an unpleasant chant, for we were tired and not unwilling to be lulled to sleep by the "quawks" and the rhythmic washing of the waves on the sandy shore, only one hundred feet away.

It always seemed strange to me that with all of Cape Cod Bay at our very doorstep, we had to walk to a pump for our drinking water. That was one of the enchanting characteristics which made our beach so picturesque. Every day, we took two big five-gallon jugs and walked across the dyke to the pump. That daily pilgrimage was a source of friction and of enjoyment. Friction, because we three children always wanted to carry the jugs over to the pump, but never back to the cottage! And enjoyment because there was always something to watch or take notice of along the way. The banks of the dyke were covered with the beautiful pink blooms of wild roses. They looked as though they had caught some of the sunrise in their little cups turned to the sky. No matter how many we picked—and we got almost as many thorns in our feet and fingers as we did roses—there were more to be had the next day for the thorns we were willing to take. Another thing that we liked to watch on these trips to the pump was the little sluggish creek that ran under the dyke. We could see bugs skittering around on the slimy green water and crabs sliding in the sea-weed. One day we witnessed an exciting crab duel. My brother and I were betting on the little crab with the spotted back, and my sister was urging the bigger black one. Finally, the smaller one sent the big bully on his way with a damaged claw, and so enthusiastic were we over the fight that we ran back across the dyke as fast as we could to tell Mother and Dad that the little spotted crab had defeated the big black one. Our parents smiled at our excitement, and then asked, "But, where are the jugs?" Five faces turned and looked back at the dyke. There they were—two white dots, waiting patiently to be filled.



## A MAGNOLIA TREE

Somehow, you remind me of a magnolia tree,  
White pointed stars in a dark night,  
Soft Southern beauty in creamy petals,  
Gay crimson streaks of laughter.

Magnolia blossoms crowded close  
Tense, passionate, lovely things;  
And the darkness of the branches  
Are your darks eyes and hair.

The softness of those flowers  
Is the smile in your lips.  
The darkness of the spring sky  
Is the mystery of your soul.

And you and the magnolia tree  
Through the blackness of the earth,  
You point the way to heaven  
And you lead me hand in hand.

—Muriely Baker '41

## GROWING PAINS

—Peter J. Barreca '41

*I snatched at a star  
I grabbed for a cloud  
I fell off the moon . . .*

**L**IKE panting sprinters on a relay team, muted brass and drooling saxes alternated in carrying the melodic wail. A pied-piper's spindly fingers hovered, lit lightly on shady, doubtful chords, then quickly set on happier harmonies. Satin lapels framed his smudged and sweat-sopped stiff-shirt with a glossy black V that opened at the throat where a brass-knobbed button poked out through a bat-like bow. A black ribbon that ran up the outside of each trouser leg and lost itself under his coat was the saving grace of the baggy pants which had been chalked indiscreetly with slimy drippings from the bowl of his ebony clarinet. The pied-piper's groping fingers hurdled over the black stops and nickel keys; the hollow wand bleated convulsively; and the enchanted children rocked in rhythm,—that is, all but the lame-faced boy.

It seemed weeks ago that the fruit cup, the chicken a la king, and the yellow vanilla ice-cream floated in chocolate sauce had been put away, the round tables folded and rolled off, and Win, his freshly pressed suit that smelled of naphtha, tailors, and steam, had stationed himself against the streakily varnished column by the orchestra. They alone seemed too occupied to notice him, although he was as forlorn as a vacant store window with last year's circus poster in it.

Why had he been such a stubborn fool? Why hadn't he asked some one else? Everybody had told him to, at that. If he felt that way, the least he could have done would be to tell her about it, . . . she wasn't a mind-reader. Sure they were right; they usually always were. Only, he had this crazy idea he was in . . . ; Oh, it was crazy as hell! He'd even heard that she wasn't going to the banquet at all. He'd balked at the idea. "But, it's the last chance she'll ever have to be together with the whole class!" The whole thing was absurd, impossible. "Quit your kidding, she wouldn't do that . . . After all, it's her own graduation . . . You can have an ordinary date any . . ." It couldn't be true; it was insane . . . "You only graduate once!"

Well, it wasn't true; she was here. But, she was here with some one in starch and studs; some one whose crew-cropped hair stood up like pin-feathers; some one, whose cheek she snuggled against looked like a strip of fried lean bacon. Win's head turned like a weather cock in the wind. The hard egg whites of his eyes swivelled after the dancing couple who stuck together like two dried figs. He caught himself unconsciously tapping his foot in

rhythm, but soon recaptured the dismal mood his martyrdom demanded, and shame-facedly dragged the sole of his right shoe over the floor in an erratic arc that crushed the powdered granules of yellow wax into the fine pine grain.

Once, between classes, he had desperately braced himself to ask her, and suddenly the truth had exploded in his face like a bursting paper bag. He really didn't know her at all . . . Well, that is, he knew her name, of course . . . who she was, but . . . oh, he knew he liked her. His nervous eyes had followed the web-like tributaries of a crack in the pebble-grained wall until they reached the ceiling, then he had counted the sprinkler nozzles overhead. "I was wondering if . . ." Win had never struggled so hard to push one coherent sentence through his dry and cracking lips. He breathed loudly through his mouth. What had given him the idea in the first place that she would even think of going out with him? He realized for the first time that his shoes had six rows of eyelets. ". . . if you'd care to go to the graduation banquet with me." Suddenly he felt like sprinting down the shadowy hallway and losing himself in its gloom, forgetting the whole mess, the whole head-and-heart-ache . . . Why didn't that damn bell ring?

"Why, thanks a lot, but . . ."—it was awkward to say—"I can't." The right words were hard to find. "Some one else . . ."—even then they didn't sound just right—"has already asked me."

"Yeah . . . ? . . . Well, gee . . ." He'd have to polish those shoes when he got home.

That last shot of hers, "Lots of other nice girls," George had said the very thing. Couldn't they understand? Couldn't they get it through their thick skulls that he only wanted one? . . . And, if he couldn't get it . . . No, they couldn't possibly, but . . . why didn't she, why wasn't there a mutual reaction on her part? He'd always thought that love . . . He crushed his boat-shaped program in a clammy fist, tore off the prow and the sail, and twirled the wrecked hulk with the tiny red pencil and the red string that ran through a candy life-saver.

Maybe there were lots of other girls . . . just as good! She'd said so herself. He'd forget all about her. He'd forget her hair was the color of yellow pine shavings, and that her eyes were . . . whatever color they were. Oh, what was the sense of trying to fool himself? This wasn't just kid's stuff, it was,—he ripped a rubbery palm leaf from its stem,—well yes . . .

The string-bass player, with adhesive-taped fingers, thumped and slapped the thick gut, and spasmodically gave it a whack on its hollow rump that sent it spinning on its tail. The trumpet men slapped mushroom mutes into their purring horns, while saxes droned weird chromatics. A green-crustured brass trumpet blown into an ancient derby gave out a blatant riot of notes. The gyrating drummer crashed tinny cymbals, and flourished and rolled his sticks across the taut calf-skin drum-head with a sound not unlike that of somebody jumping through the bottom of a bushel basket. Hundreds of scraping heels sounded like the maddening patter of rain. Suddenly, Win wanted to drown out the orchestra with a discordant shriek. He wanted to put his foot through the big drum. He wanted to crack the clarinet across his knee. He wanted to shove that trumpet down the fellow's throat. Win swore, broke the little red pencil between his fingers, tore his program into confetti, and swallowed the life-saver. It was charry black outdoors. Lumpy meringue clouds blotted out the stars, and there wasn't even a sliver of a moon in the sky. That gave Win some satisfaction. Of all things, he didn't need a moon.



## NEWS ABOUT BOOKS

### THE CITADAL

by A. J. Cronin

Little, Brown & Co., 1937

IT IS great news when a doctor writes about a doctor and denounces certain medical practices which have hitherto been accepted as necessary evils of his honorable profession. *The Citadel* was unexpected, startling in its content, brilliantly written by Dr. A. J. Cronin to arouse public opinion. There can be no doubt that Dr. Cronin was in dead earnest when he made this violent diatribe against panel medicine. That his blasting criticism of inefficient medical service should be so subtly woven into the delicate pattern of the love story of Andrew Manson and Christine Barlow that one is hardly conscious of its forcefulness until the book is finished, pays a great tribute to the literary skill of Dr. Cronin.

Andrew and Christine are sympathetic characters, seizing our imaginations; we step into their lives in the dreary Welsh mining town of Blaenelly, struggle with them as they beat against poverty and the suspicions of the Welsh miners; we grieve with them for the miserable conditions of their patients. First we rejoice in Andrew's achievement of a successful medical practise, then we despise him for forgetting his principles in a greedy snatching at wealth; and we leave the un-

ravelled skein of their lives regretfully in London when Christine is killed, ironically enough, while running an errand with a heart full of happiness that she and Andrew have become reconciled after their estrangement.

Dr. Denny, who wanders through the pages of this novel, appearing in but brief scenes, almost completely overshadows Andrew in the vividness and force of his personality. Dr. Denny, brilliant, dissolute young surgeon, whose control over his life slipped when his wife deserted him, emerges as what would appear to be the voice of the author's more intense emotions. Dr. Cronin's strong appeal for group medicine is first voiced by Denny when that cynic bursts out with: "I'm a surgeon. I'm not a blasted general practitioner—G. P. Huh! What does that mean? D'you ever ask yourself—You didn't? Well I'll tell you. It's the last and most stereotyped anachronism, the worst, the stupidest system ever created by God-made man."

The author portrays Dr. Denny so enthusiastically that we are led to expect great things of him. It is certain that he exerted an unconscious influence upon Andrew to the extent that his utter disregard of the conventional, suiting his professional procedure to the need of the situation, spurred Andrew on to greater heights than might have been possible to his cautious nature without the prod of Denny's unorthodox example.

Andrew is a curious character, extremely lovable at first when his dogged Scotch persistence wins for him the grudging admiration of his fellow doctors in Blaenelly. He is the personification of sensitive idealism carrying the torch for suffering humanity. But success changes his whole purpose in life;

it causes him to lose his self-respect and it alienates him from his wife Chris.

She is constantly appealing, essentially finer than Andrew, the ideal wife, quiet, uncomplaining, helpful. To the women who read this novel she must be a typical wife, subordinating her individuality to his, as so many wives do that their husbands may be comfortable in their superiority.

The book is an intensely absorbing one while it deals with the problems a general practitioner faces in a small town without proper equipment, hospital facilities, or able consultants. It proves, as Dr. Cronin was desirous of proving, how faulty is this old-time system which expects one lone doctor to be proficient in all the phases of medicine. The impossibility is made self-evident. But like many books of this sort which attempt to preach a sermon, the note of high-pitched enthusiasm is difficult to maintain; so Dr. Cronin carries on with the story of Andrew and Christine, and forgets his idealism. He takes a few slams at the false diagnoses and prescription so flagrantly practised by society doctors, but when he becomes absorbed in giving the reading public an unforgettable story of a doctor and his wife, he loses his vitality, and the book falters miserably.

However, there is a good deal of excellent writing to be found in this novel—it is interesting because it is well-written. It will be commented upon by all who read it, and any novel which provokes a critical analysis of its thought is worth reading. A story-book ending provides an unnecessary touch of saccharine, but at least the sharpness of its early brilliance is able to counteract the sweet ending.

—Justine G. Martin '39



### BEYOND---SING THE WOODS

—J. C. '40

*Beyond Sing the Woods* (G. P. Putnam's Sons), by the Norwegian novelist Trygve Gulbrandsen, is a book that is as refreshing as a transport to the great woods themselves—more so. Its essential appeal is timeless, elemental, universal. Its concern is with the change in a human soul—its transcendence of a racial heritage of hatred, ruthless dominance and revenge, by the single word, mercy, put into action.

Three generations pass before our eyes. Dag Bjorndal, principal figure, is living as the book begins; he succeeds his father and elder brother as master of Old Bjorndal, ancestral family manor; he is in his age when the book ends. But we are less aware of the passing of time as we are of the growth of an idea. Dag is the product, the culmination of his race; centuries of effort have gone into the building of the manor, the family traditions. The barbarous beginnings were streaked with bloodshed, branded with ruthless domination and revenge. Now the men have become civilized; from pride in their race has come a dignity, a fierce grandure, that has made them feared and envied in the lowlands, or Broad Leas as they were called—true masters of the north country.

The time has come for change. Through increased production and trade, Dag begins building a fortune. He makes a rich marriage and thereby gains a superfluity of wealth. This he invests and employs in land dealings; soon he is making money for its own sake. The people of the lowlands begin to fear the master of Old Bjorndal not for any wild barbarousness, but for his economic power.

Earlier—before his marriage and after the deaths of his father and brother—Dag took religion into his thought and pondered on it. He recognized the conflict in him between the racial instinct for hard-dealing with those who hated him, and the desire to act in God's will. He decided to leave the vengeance to God. To this decision, however, the evil of money blinded him for many years. These deepest thoughts of his were, as in all men, awakened from time to time, but it was not until he was an old man that he reached the final stage of his thinking, began acting consistently upon his conclusion, and thus solved the problem of his soul and the race.

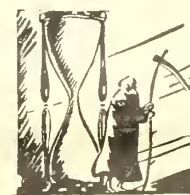
What I have shown is the bare foundation of a story of noble proportions. To it must be added the magnificent setting—the massive buildings of the gaard, "enthroned high above the village in the very bosom of the forest"—then, the succession of characters, all of them remarkably authentic human beings, and actual plot incidents all relevant to the end.

The most striking quality of *Beyond Sing the Woods* is its beautiful balance. It proceeds at an even pace. It is direct, concise where need be, but never abrupt. It enters at some length, where need be, the mind and thought of its characters, without overdoing analysis. Year follows year, generation succeeds generation; but with enerring taste the author forgoes mentioning unimportant incidents and brings forward only those events which are harmonious with, and necessary to, the well proportioned whole. Always consistent with its object, the book reaches not only beauty of form, but richness and depth of human experience.

### FRAGMENT

I was as a blind man  
Yearning for the sun.  
Life laughed at my eyes, but I,  
Poor fool, tried to hold a little happiness  
As it passed by. It lay so softly beating in  
my hand,  
Small wonder that I only found—  
My heart.

—Bettina Hall '39



### FLAHERTY'S CROSSING

Flaherty's Crossing sits today and knows. Alone it knows the action of that scene, Its rise and fall, the nature of the minutes Of that cross-time—finite and infinite.

The sky was tossed, and maybe there were other

Signs, although of no success. Perhaps Phil saw them, maybe thought to show his speed.

He must have whistled as he drove through night.

—Yes, and probably he never tried To stop the rush of stone and glass that flew To cut his body from his soul. And now There's morbid wonder over what he saw, Conjecture over what he felt, in that Torn second when each atom smashed against A wall of ruin. Did his eyes scream, Or did they lock in terror against the pain? His mouth—was that achoke—atremble?

And what of steel? Did each blue-jagged ripping

Swing and grate? Did every corner screech? Then his mind: did that dart back to see His life? Perhaps a little sigh to greet

A seldom-thought encounter. Or, instead, There may have echoed through his bones a chill

Of shrieks. None saw if his hair turned white. He aimed his car into the black, black mouth, But struck a jaw of that disfigured hole, Impacting everything but soul in stone.

And Flaherty's Crossing sits today and knows And sits and knows today and tells us not.

—Leo Leclair '39



## SIGURD'S SAGA

*Continued from Page 1*

One of the women rose and brought the boy porridge and bread. He sat down and watched his mother as he ate. She was so lovely, this mother of his. That blue silken gown was especially becoming. She wore a heavy gold chain around her neck, and gold ring on her arms. Her beautiful hair hung in two heavy braids over her shoulders, and she wore a golden band around her head. She was embroidering something very pretty. He liked to watch her nimble fingers and the needle going in and out, with a quick little flash.

"Mother, what do you think Father will bring for us, this time?"

"I don't know, Sigurd."

The boy grew silent again, and sat there dreaming in the firelight. He was warm and comfortable. Soon he was sound asleep, while the dog at his feet watched over him.

Then, one day, many weeks later, when the fjord was beginning to freeze over, Sigurd climbed up on the cliff, and there not a mile down the fjord, was his father's ship, with its red and blue sail, and the golden dragon-head on the prow, glinting in the sun. He thought he could even make out his father standing in the prow. Overjoyed, the boy yelled at the top of his voice, and waved his arms; then he dashed home to tell his mother.

Soon the whole household was down by the boat-house, chatting excitedly. The splendid long-ship moved up the fjord, silent and swift, the many pairs of oars moving in perfect rhythm. The men's bright shields hanging all along the sides glittered in the sun, as did their helmets and armor. Sigurd's father was the first one ashore. A more splendid man was never seen. He gathered the boy and his mother in his huge arms.

"Helga, my darling! Sigurd, how you have grown!"

"What did you bring home, Father?"

"You'll see."

The men were busily unloading the ship and carrying heavy chests up to the house.

That evening, there was a great feast in the hall, to celebrate their home-coming. There were plenty of good things to eat, and the wine and ale flowed freely. Sigurd sat proudly at his father's side on the high-seat, the others on long benches against the walls. The laughter and song grew so loud and hearty that the very weapons on the tapestried walls rattled. Only Helga was silent.

## AESOP IMPROVED

In a wood on the edge of the shining night

The oak leaves had started to prattle,  
And the trees made a sieve for their silvery light

To illumine their clattering battle.

And now there arose at the sound of their battling,

At the sound of their tinkling timorous prattling,

A vision of might,

A wondrous sight.

The leaf-covered lane that lay under the trees  
Was fitted with fighters of noble degrees,  
Who, slain in the 'suit of a warrior's career,  
Came back from their carnage to carry on here.

They hacked and they slashed just as hard as they could,

As they silently battled away in the wood.

As with swords and with shields in their sallies defiant—

With swords that were noiseless, with shields that were pliant—

They severed each other in pieces diffuse,  
Not stopping nor caring for parts that were loose:

Harald, the chief, brought out gifts for all. For Sigurd he had a tiny sword, the handle very intricately inlaid with gold, to the boy's unexpressible delight.

"Where did you get this, Father?"

"In England, my son."

"Is that very far away? I want to go there with you next spring."

All winter, Harald stayed at home. There was much work to be done. The ship was repaired and painted. Wood was cut and brought home. Sigurd was always at his side. They set out on snowshoes to hunt in the woods. Or they skated on the fjord for miles and miles. Harald went like the wind, and the boy, too, was a fine skater.—During the long winter evenings, Harald told stories or played on his harp, and sang about heroes and gods. The women sat around weaving or sewing, as they listened, and the men did wood-carving or metal work, or played games of chess.

Often, the talk was of foreign lands the men had seen, of battles they had won, and booty they had taken. Some had even been to Greenland, but most often the talk was of England.

"There are many Vikings in England, now. They no longer go to conquer, but stay to settle. It is a fair land, and the winters there are like summer.—Some of them tell about a strange God the Englishmen worship. They say is more powerful than Thor or Odin—but, I don't know."

As soon as the ice broke, they were off again leaving a broken-hearted small boy behind.

That summer, he was out in the open all day long. His mother rarely saw him. He swam in the fjord, ran with the dog, rode his horse, and climbed in the mountains. He grew tanned and sturdy, and ate like a wolf, for the lad was determined that next spring he'd be big enough to go.

When Sigurd was sixteen years old, big and strong as a man, and taller than his father, he was told that he could go with the ship. It seemed as if the time would never come. For weeks he polished his weapons, and helped to get everything ready.—At last they were off. Sigurd stood in the stern in his new helmet, waving good-bye to his mother with his gleaming shield. A handsomer youth was never seen in the valley. At last, he, too, was a Viking! The heart of Sigurd was very glad that day, but the heart of his mother was heavy, as she stood at the shore and bade a proud farewell to her Viking son.

For what though a swordsman were severed in two?

A ghost made of nothing, since nothing is new,  
Is always new-made and as fit for the fighting  
As fit as the back of a man is for biting.

Their female admirers lined up in a file  
Were flimsily sitting along an old stile.  
On occasion there came from this wraith-like array

Loud silent applause for their friends in the fray—

Great cheers like "Hear, hear!" or "Methinks thou art grand!"

For the man who was swiftest in flashing his brand.

Ah strange were these sweethearts so lately entombed,

From dust-laden corpses so lately exhumed!  
Ah strange were the nobles who made up that lot.

More strange that this bellum so acriter fought  
Should vanish away from the leaf-covered lane  
At the echoing chug of the first morning train.

For all that was left of that vision of might  
And all that remained of that wondrous sight  
Was the unending rasp and the unending prattle

Of oak leaves that gossiped aloud of the battle.

## TRAIL OF THE MOON

*Continued from Page 1*

and listened to the song as it whispered through the pines, drifting, caressing the stiff needles. He caught the spell of it, of Woewee, who once had sat there in the bow of his canoe and sung for him, sung for him alone, though wisps of her music had shaken free from the pine needles and flown upward. There they had frolicked in the broken blankets of clouds through which the moon was riding.

And slowly, out of the darkness, in the deep, guttural tones of an Indian, he told the little rabbit a story he had once told to Woewee.

"Long years ago, when the fish ran thick in the streams and the plains were covered with buffalo, there was no moon in the sky. It was then that two golden haired boys had come out of the forest into a settlement of black-lined, warring faces, a tribe of bad people. They had laughed gaily when threatened with hatchets. They had smiled at the women and children who poked them with sticks, for in their hearts was a great love for their fellow men. There was a sacrificial fire that night, and out of it, when the flames were at their height, the god of peace had caught two balls of gold up to the sky. There their light was so bright it made the night into day, which was not good, so one he sent back to the earth to brighten the dark waters.

And now it is always so. From the sky one twin smiles down to his brother below. Some of the stars have fallen, too, and gayly twinkle back at the heavens, for they are not sad in the company of such a happy one, even though they are beneath the great waters."

And as he talked, the quiet light of the moon slid down through the hemlock branches, and caught in the fur of the rabbit. There it rested, quiescent, just as it had in the braids of Woewee those many nights before. And the silent light of the moon-brother below lifted itself to form a path; such a path had Woewee followed when she went away leaving him alone.

When they passed again under the low branches of the giant pine, when the moonlight had once more sifted between the land and the canoe of the Indian, the little, soft-furred rabbit had gone. But the Indian had known that it would be so, that the rabbit would go just as Woewee had gone, and that he could not follow.

But he knew, too, that some day they would come back for him, and they three would follow the moon's path together. Perhaps it would lead them up to talk with the twin in the sky and to see the stars near to; perhaps they would peer over the edge of a forest pool and whisper to the moon-brother below. That would be good, for the flecks in the eyes of Woewee would mirror in the trout below. There were many things for them to do, together.

So it was, that when he returned empty-handed to face the stern Maker of Medicine, he was not afraid, and a smile crinkled in his eyes, for they still reflected the beauty of the woods and the wonders which he had seen.

And now my friend

You've reached the end.

I know this rot

Quite lacks a plot;

But then perhaps I still deserve a laurel

For tacking on this most ingenious moral:—  
Steer clear of the woods on a shining night  
Unless you're prepared with these spirits to fight.

Steer clear of bad friends and inebriates chronic.

Watch out for the fleas on a rat that's bubonic.  
Keep out of all books that pretend to be vicious.

Of every third rail be distinctly suspicious.  
Don't blow out the pilot that burns in your range.

For the good of your soul, go to church for a change!

—Dee Smith '29



## SPARKS FROM THE ANVIL

"When I am lying in bed . . . I find myself straining my eyes to see the window . . . then an unknown power drives me . . . I stand quivering and shaking in front of it, while the cold wind lashes my body through my thin night-clothes."

—G. C.

"The town gossip is too important a character to be ignored, and too expert a person to be criticized."

—S. C.

"The third type of stepmother . . . goes into the marriage . . . realizing that she goes to the plate with two strikes called against her."

—H. F.

"The most important quality of a liberal is toleration."

—E. B.

"A pessimist . . . does not live; he merely exists."

—R. E. A.

"The organist drags one note after the other, making one feel that not only 'the chord' is lost, but the whole composition has a hard time finding its way along."

—H. F.

"My mind revolves slowly about the idea but cannot penetrate it . . . the words 'Let Dave Do It' look up monotonously from the advertisement on the blotter . . . the bitter smoke of my pipe feathers my mouth, and the rank smell of stale steam and smoke deadens the air."

"I used to eat so much that my mother once said the way for Mr. Roosevelt to get rid of surplus farm products was not to plow under every three acres of corn or potatoes, but to breed gourmands like me."

"He 'shucked off' a heavy coat and sat down to play his fiddle . . . he had a shirt and a sweater under a sheepskin vest; and his feet, which were wound in cotton scarfing, were encased in a pair of enormous rubber overshoes . . . Soon after he began playing, a rancid odor arose from his clothes and body—the odor of his smoky tar-paper shack, the odor of old sweat, and the odor of stale food."

"The esthete of today is personified in a pompous, middle-aged lady wearing a pince-nez . . . with the 'magnificent obsession' that she must be cultured and that her associates must know she is."

—G. G. A.

"An old maiden aunt is a skinny, long-faced, long-nosed female whose body resembles a lemon balanced on a lath."

—R. F. H.

"The typical older brother has fully accepted and put into practice the 'divine right' theory of the days of monarchy . . . he is . . . the greatest bully and the most inhuman creature that ever inhabited the earth."

—E. B.

## SPRING

God spoke.

The sun awoke.

It looked more warmly on the earth.

The land paid heed.

Soon started up its seed,

Of Life,

Of flowers.

A glorious rebirth

Lovers walked

Beneath the spacious sky

Where dreams are born,

Of love,

And greater things that never die.

—Anonymous

## DREAMS

—Beryl Briggs '39

*"I told him this is a pleasant life,  
To set your breast to the bark of a tree,  
That all your days were dim beneath."*

ROBERT FROST is delightfully definite in this excerpt from "Gum-Gatherers." He leads to a personal conviction that gives one a hold on one's own world. It is difficult to keep that hold steady and secure; yet the reward is worth the effort. The world of dreams is a world we all try to understand, though we seldom realize it. The world of dreams of which I am speaking is the one which meets us in sleep; and not the fantastical one of Dusenburgs and Ermine which we evolve in the drowsy hours of the classrooms. Dreams are personal things, and it is of my own that I wish to speak. Ever since early childhood I have had dreams—awful dreams, mediocre jumbles, and startlingly beautiful dreams. (with all due apologies to the Psychology department).

One dream which I will never forget, is the one I had after seeing the motion picture "King of Kings," the life story of Christ. I wept copious tears during the performance, sobbed so audibly that my mother had to take me out of the theatre. She, thinking me safe in the lobby, went back to see the rest of the film; but, with the persistence of a tragically stricken ten-year-old, I crept back into the darkened hall. I stuffed a soggy handkerchief into my mouth to stop me from disturbing the peace. At the end of the picture, I scurried back to the lobby and waited for Mother. We rode home in silence. In as much as the hour was late, with a hasty "Good-night" and quick tucking in of sheets, I was left in the darkness. There was a street-light outside my window, one I had hardly noticed before. I looked at its reassuring light and then tossed and turned myself into sleep. I started to dream. I was in an empty, black space, falling—falling—but never reaching the bottom. A voice, the most understanding voice I have ever heard, called my name, and said, "Have no fear; I am here to guide and help you." I stopped falling and started to walk in space. A rope ladder appeared from nowhere, and I climbed and climbed. Suddenly I was falling again, a horrible gray mass churned and twisted about me. Then the voice called again, the ladder reappeared; and I started to climb again. Far above me rose the figure of Christ in a radiant white light that nearly blinded me. I awoke with a start and rushed to the window, pointing to the street light, I screamed, "There He is. There is Christ. He is trying to tell me something." I had this same dream for many nights, and over a series of years. It culminated last year, when I finally climbed the ladder, stabbed myself to death so as to enter heaven, and

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## AN INCIDENT IN A LIFE

—W. O. Foster '39

W RACKED and strained by a gale which had lasted for three long, terrifying days and which had drained the last ounce of strength and stamina from the three black Portuguese and the one white man making up her crew, the "Edna May" rolled and wallowed through the heavy black combers that surged along as an aftermath of the storm.

Ramos, the Elder, who with his son Ramos, the Younger, made up two-thirds of the paid crew of the tiny two-mastered schooner, had been on his knees for the past few minutes in front of a crudely painted, wooden figure of the Virgin Mary, Mother of God, nailed to a stanchion supporting his bunk and his son's above it.

"Mata mia," he mumbled, "tank you for to stop de wind an' de rain. My son he hurt bad, but he tank you, too." He shivered, "San Lorenzo," he muttered in turn to the saint of his birth, "you watch good at me an' my muchach'. We tell you Graci'. Muchas Graci'. You ver' goo to us."

He shivered once again and looked up at his son who lay tossing and moaning, his scalp ripped open by a block that had come hurtling from the masthead during the worst of the storm. Voicing a dull and broken prayer for the relief of his son's pain, he rose wearily to his feet and, bracing himself with his arms on the bunk, spoke soothingly to the boy in liquid Portuguese.

Two feet shod in cracked sea boots, followed by a tall angular body surmounted by a tanned face with features equally as angular, dropped through the square patch of daylight that was the fo'castle hatch. A small wooden chest, suspended by a black pair of arms and hands, next blocked off the light. The chest, released by the hands which were drawn back up, fell into the arms of the white man.

"How's his haid, Ramos?" queried a deep, booming voice issuing from the throat of the lanky one.

"He hurt ver' much, Cap'n. He no say enting. He just lie dere an' make much groans. Dat block what hit him, it was the peak hal-liard block an' pretty dam' heavy. You tink he hurt bad, Cap'n?"

The white man was opening the chest, revealing a tangle of linen bandages and cotton batting in the middle of which lay a few bottles whose labels were far from distinct.

"He's got a hard haid, that boy," he said as he carefully fitted the torn pieces of scalp together and deftly held them there with a few turns of the linen bandage. "We'll keep him in his bunk for a few days, and he'll soon be as chipper as ever." He straightened up. "You holler when he comes to his senses, and we'll give him a jolt of grog that'll perk him right up in no time."

Snapping the cover down on the chest, the white man hoisted it to his shoulders and climbed the ladder up into the daylight.

"Give a yell, now, when he comes around," boomed the voice from the deck.

Ramos, the Elder, lowered himself into his bunk and lay flat on his back watching the restless form of his son outlined on the canvas mattress above him. He closed his eyes for a moment; and, in that moment, came a vision of his long dead wife as he had last seen her, her lithe young body already growing large with the son he went to sea leaving within her, her lithe young body with the earnest black face above it, stretched out in a passionate farewell gesture. His wife, the beach, and the island that was his faraway home faded from his tired mind as sleep crept over him. The form of his son, the son he left within her, still tossed restlessly above him.





## ACROSS A DECADE

*Continued from Page 1*

South College and the Vet. Lab., and, despite the heartfelt and not always unspoken prayers of generations of students, refused to burn down. The Physical Education Building existed only in the more daring day-dreams of Curry Hicks. The wide lawns of Goodell Library were the scene of weirdly and bitterly waged class and fraternity contests. The site of Thatcher Hall was virgin wilderness, as was the space between the Phi Sig House and Alumni Field—beside the fence of which the brook left room for but a narrow and precarious path.

Even more radical than the change in the physical features of the Campus has been the alteration of its human complexion. The gracious adornment of femininity — upon which only the most dispeptic and vinegar-veined old grad can turn a disapproving frown, was already present, but not omnipresent. Among the rugged sons of Old Aggie there were more than a few who viewed with alarm the something over two dozen coeds who entered with the class of 1928; and to seek a social partner at the Abbey instead of going Over the Mountain or to Hamp was still not quite the thing. It is not clear, however, whether this attitude underlay the rule forbidding freshman boys during the first term to exchange a word in public with fellow students of the other sex; or whether the upperclassmen desired as far as possible to eliminate competition.

No other of the rules governing the behavior of freshmen will seem to the present generation so ludicrous or barbarous as the one just mentioned. Yet there were others that lay far heavier on the spirits of many freshmen. Most of these, to be sure, were not extremely vicious, especially in comparison with those of ten or a dozen years before, when a freshman "wouldn't dare cross the campus alone after dark"; thus an alumnus of that time, deploring recent trends toward a more humane existence, once boasted to the writer—who recalls, also, hearing blood-curdling tales of "Arena Parties," at which such rites were celebrated as may not be described in print.

Still, Pond Parties (to which 1928 can boast of having contributed the last victims) can scarcely have been a joke to those who were on the receiving end. If one failed during the first month of college to hop a "9" in one of the sidewalk numerals; if one failed to supply matches for an upperclassman's pipe or was seen smoking in public within the limits of the town of Amherst; if he once failed, within the same geographical limits, before March 17, to wear the prescribed freshman headgear (black with green button or tassel); if at any time during the college year he appeared out of doors without a coat and hat of some description (the moral code of the College was shaken to its foundation when '28, during an intolerably hot final week, raised the standard of revolt and, defiantly parading the Campus bareheaded and in shirtsleeves, went unpunished); if he protested at being routed out of a cozy chair in the library on some bitter winter afternoon to sweep snow from the hockey rink; if he ventured to treat as it deserved some puppy rampant in the form of a sophomore; if he did one of these or one of a dozen other similar things, then he was hailed before the Senate—with what fluttering heart and trembling knees did one enter the awful sanctum—and, if found guilty of possessing a more than ordinary degree of individualism, was sentenced to provide a Roman holiday for the upholders of orthodoxy and respectability. From North College down the cinder-covered crosswalk to the pond he must painfully proceed on hands and knees between two lines of lusty young animals whose paddles were only less hard than their sensibilities. Next, exalted unwillingly to the eminence of a scaffold, he endured what further indignities could be in-

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## LOVE AND JEALOUSY

Yesterday, Love, you were like October  
With serene and laughing face,  
And purple asters bloomed  
In your eyes.  
Your lips were soft and sweet  
As the breath of wind kissing ruby fruit.  
Your tongue murmured softly  
As little leaves cradled in the trees' arms;  
And your feet danced lightly and swiftly  
As sunbeams upon the rippling waves.

Today Love, you are like November,  
With grey and lowering clouds,  
And smoke from fires kindled in resentment  
Cloud your eyes.  
Your lips speak wrathfully  
As the howl of the cold North wind.  
You are clad in sombre brown,  
Sombre as leafless trees;  
And your feet move with the sudden  
hopelessness  
Of rain on the faded, fallen, leaves.  
Strange indeed are the workings of Love  
When caught in the dragnet  
Set by the green-eyed god.

*—Helen Marshall '40*

## THE SWING

*—Elizabeth M. Clapp '39*

**I** T WAS a piece of rope which was lying in the corner of the basement that reminded me of that summer—a dark, greyish-brown hunk that was almost concealed by the pile of blinds in front of it. When I picked it up and looked at it, I felt a little feather of excitement tickle up and down my spine. Yes, the rope was that same dark color that the other rope had been—exactly the color of my father's hair then, too. As I grasped it in a tightly-clenched fist, it felt coarse and gritty just as the other rope had felt when I had clenched so wildly with excitement. To think that such a small happening could have come down through the years to me by so small an object! But let me tell you about it.

I was seven years old. We had been playing tag in the big barn at grandmother's, five of us children, darting around corners, in stalls, up stairs. As I swirled around one dim corner in blind haste, I whanged full force against the open door to the grain room. Luckily my face was turned; so that the sharp edge clipped the side of my forehead instead of the middle of my face. Stunned, I sat on the uneven, hay-strewn floor of the barn and looked straight ahead. Then I began to feel the shooting pain; I ran yelping loudly like a wounded dog down the creaky stairs and through the wagon shed to the hammock under the crab-apple trees where father was quietly reading the newspaper.

How tenderly he picked me up and rocked me in his arms as he lightly touched the sore, red bump with careful, but firm, fingers! His calm blue eyes looked deep into my weeping ones as he held his fingers under my quivering chin and asked me if I was all right.

*Continued on Page 7*

## THE FUNERAL

*—Anna Harrington '41*

**M**Y Aunt Helen died. She was not old; she was only thirty-four, and she was beautiful. I used to sit and watch her face while she talked. Her mouth was very pretty; she had black wavy hair and very blue eyes. My eight-year old mind could not quite comprehend the state of affairs when she died. I knew something dreadful must have happened, for mother was crying, father was very silent, and no one talked at dinner. I was quiet, and didn't ask any questions. I was afraid to break this new and strange silence.

I had never even thought of death before in my life, but toward the end of that silent dinner I began to think, and my imagination gained momentum as the hours went on. By bed-time, I could clearly picture my aunt in a perfectly rectangular, brown wooden box in the middle of my grandmother's parlor floor. There were no flowers,—just my aunt, with her eyes staring wide open at the ceiling, and the plain box in which she was laid. I pictured the top of the box being hammered down with strong nails. I pictured the grave being dug by strong men who pitched the dirt ruthlessly. I pictured the box dropped into the gaping hole, the dirt shoved in on top of it, the men then stamping and thumping on top with their shovels. I stayed awake a long time that night, trying to get used to the idea of death—especially, the idea of Death and Aunt Helen in the same receptacle. The longer I thought of death, the greater a certain fear in me grew. I did not know what the fear was; it was an indescribable fear.

The next morning a friend came and drove us to my grandmother's. The nearer we came to the town, the greater my fear grew. I realized, then, that it was the fear of seeing a dead person, of being in a house with a dead person. My grandmother's house was very large. When we arrived we went in the back door. There were many people in the kitchen. I looked through the door and saw there were many people in the other rooms. The crowd of silent mourners added immensity to the fear which was growing within me. I heard someone say, "She looks lovely; I never saw anyone look as lovely." I knew by the tone of voice that it was spoken in regard to Aunt Helen. But how could anyone say such a thing about a dead person! My heart began to thump. I quietly sat down on a vacant chair in the corner of the kitchen. I sat glued to my chair. I was afraid to move for fear that something within my pounding heart would burst. Soon mother came out into the kitchen and found me. She asked me if I wanted to see Aunt Helen. I didn't say anything, but I got up and followed mechanically. My legs seemed to move without my knowledge, and without any effort on my part.

When we reached the parlor door, I stopped in wonder. The fear and weakness left me as if by magic. I was not looking down into a wooden box on the floor. I could see no box; all I could see were flowers. All kinds of flowers, flowers which I had never seen outside a florist's window. The flowers banked the room, almost to the ceiling. There was a small open space which led to the coffin. It was a majestic coffin, lined with a soft, cream satin which reflected the softness of the candlelight. Calmly reposed on the billowy satin was Aunt Helen, as beautiful as I had ever seen her. Her eyes were closed. Her features seemed exquisite in the candlelight. Her beautiful hands were clasping a silver rosary.

The candlelight, Aunt Helen, the fragrance of the flowers, and the flowers themselves created a symphony within me. I do not know how long I stood there, but I stood there until I was gently pulled away.



## WEEK-END

I

A train,  
Creeping slowly  
To a distant city.

II

A meeting,  
Crisply, quickly,  
Rhythmic beat of duet feet.

III

A silence,  
Looking closely  
At a distant sky  
"Reach high and touch me  
Through the lace of elm trees  
Pick my stars,  
Wear them in your heart."

IV

A parting  
Icy fingers  
On a white throat.

V

A train,  
Rushing madly  
From a distant city.

—Beryl Briggs '39



## LAMENT

The cold wind is blowing  
And mourning for the dead.  
Who's dead?  
Victoria is dry and cold;  
Mourn for the dead.  
Why mourn?  
Ideals are growing old.  
Every child becomes a man,  
And a man  
Is nothing but a man.  
Why sorrow?  
We never find the best;  
Abandon the search—  
Why not?  
The best is dead,  
And  
The cold wind is blowing.

—Dee Smith '39

## SWING

Continued from Page 6

I had stopped sobbing now; but I was still clinging to his neck in nervous excitement. I choked, sputtered, nodded. Two lone tears made clean tracks down my dusty, hot cheeks. He lifted me out of his lap and told me with forced cheerfulness that he would "fix me up": we would hang the swing from the big maple in the front yard just as I had wished all the previous summer. Right at that moment, the bright July sun shone even brighter, and the cool, green grass felt soft and "bouncy" to my jumping feet. Of course I did not realize that "dad" had been helping grandfather pick vegetables all morning down in the "lot" in the scorching sun on the first day of his vacation, or that he might be too tired to clamber around on a ladder to erect a swing. No, all I could think of was that I had gazed at those saucy green leaves way up on the lowest maple branch and had wished that I might touch them. All I knew was that the sensation of swinging hard and high was the nearest to that, (as I imagined), of flying of any possible activity; (flying was so desired that I had cried one night when I found out that I could not fly when I stood on the foot of the bed like Wendy in *Peter Pan*).

I jogged happily beside my father as he headed for the tool shed in the barn where rope and lumber were kept. The barn smelled

## STROKE

—John W. Haskell '41

**W**HAT is a more perfect exemplification of coordination and rhythm than rowing. I refer to rowing as it is done by an eight-oared crew. From the removal of the shell to the placing of it on the racks, all movements are perfectly synchronized. A practice session is like a symphony; once it has commenced, there is no break in the sequence of movements until it is over.

The long, slender, delicately-ribbed structure of wood and linen, that is the shell, is carried gingerly down the runway to the landing. At the sharp commands of the coxswain, the eight men lift the shell high overhead, drop it to their knees, and gently set it on the water. This is done in three distinct movements. I said "on the water" because the sixty-three foot shell, when empty, draws no more than two inches of water. The oars are placed in the oarlocks, and the eight oarsmen simultaneously take their places in the boat. The coxswain is the last to get in. At the command "Shove off!" eight hands immediately push against the landing, and the boat glides broadside to an even oar's length from the landing. "Ready all!" comes the megaphoned cry from the coxswain. Eight oars sweep back and come to rest, blades flat on the water. Eight white bodies lean forward, poised with arms outstretched, waiting for the command to row. "Row!" The bodies sway back, the oars pull through the water, making a peculiar sucking sound, the boat leaps ahead, and the coxswain is jerked backward.

For a dozen strokes or more the crew rows raggedly. Here and there a blade splashes into the water. The boat is down first on the port and then on the starboard. Suddenly, as if by silent command, the eight men settle down and begin to row in coordination. The boat, instead of checking after each stroke, slips smoothly through the water with undiminishing speed. Like eight inverted pendulums, the glistening bodies are swinging in equal arcs. They are like marionettes as they lean forward for the "reach" and "catch," lay sharply back, and then jerk upright, as if pulled by strings, to slow imperceptibly for the "recovery." There is no splashing of oars now. The blade is only half-buried in the water for the stroke; and it flashes brightly in the sun as it is "feathered" back, just barely missing the water.

Sitting in the stroke's seat is pleasant. It is refreshing to lean hard into the breeze at my back at the "catch," and then, to slide slowly forward for the "recovery," completely relaxed. What a straight line the shell pursues! I can look back over the bobbing head of the coxswain, and follow our path by the double lane of whirlpools left by our oars as they leave the water. Glancing sidewise, I can see my blade flash out of the water just in time to clear the "puddle" that number six makes.

The coxswain gives the command to raise the stroke. We are now swinging along at thirty-two strokes to the minute, which is a fairly fast stroke, but we want to raise the beat to forty-two, if possible, which is a high sprint stroke. Up it goes! Thirty-two. Thirty-four. The coxswain is barking hoarsely, "In . . . OUT! In . . . OUT! In . . . OUT! Thirty-eight. The rowing is not pleasant now. It is hard, painful, work I am finding it hard to breathe, and my hands are numb, my forearms and wrists a throbbing ache. I am conscious of the breath of number seven behind me coming in sobbing gasps. Forty. Our movements have ceased to be graceful. They are jerky and labored, everything sacrificed to power and more power to get that stroke up higher. Forty-one. The boat is unsteady again. Number four washes out, the spray hitting me in the back with a loud slap. The coxswain is drenched to the skin. His voice is weak, a mere croak. Forty-two! Hold it there! We are settling down now. I no longer hear the sound of each individual oarlock snapping in the rigger. They come back to me blended in one loud click at each "recovery." "Give it twenty" comes feebly from the coxswain. Ah! now we are moving! The "puddles" are swirling by, the oars flipping in and out with the precision of long practice. 1 . . . 2 . . . 3 . . . 4 out of the corner of my eye I see the shoreline swiftly unfolding. We are flying! We are working together in perfect synchronization, and although we are expending the maximum of effort, it is not hard to hold that pace . . . 8 . . . 9 . . . 10 I feel as though I could keep it up indefinitely, and I know the others feel the same. Suddenly all is quiet for a few seconds; the oarlocks stop clicking, the coxswain's voice fades away, I no longer hear number seven's sobbing breath. All seem to be submerged by a new sound, the sound of eight oars whipping through the water in powerful cadence, a rhythmic swish . . . swish . . . swish . . . swish!

he threw the length around the stout arm of the tree so that it encompassed it. He twisted the raveling end, as it swung over towards him, deftly into a knot that would slide up and hold. (I was, and still am, ignorant of the art of knot-making.) I watched him fasten the other rope in place too. How proud I was of this father of mine who could construct for me a swinging seat in the air! His brown hair was tousled; tiny drops of sweat stood out on his upper lip and on his wrinkled forehead. His full, broad mouth curved now in a smile of exultation as he fitted the crude, wooden seat into the large loop with a quick jerk.

Now was the moment which I had been waiting for—the moment which had made me forget my bump and my sorrow. I felt the lift of the rope as I edged cautiously into the seat. Father started to swing me slowly; the knots turned rhythmically with the pull of the rope, creaking, whining. At first I trailed my square toes on the coarse grass as I swung by. My hands hurt as I clenched the rope in quiet desperation and fear. My hair blew about my face, about my eyes, but I was too occupied, and too scared to brush it back. My short cotton dress fluttered back and forth as currents of air tore at it. I gazed up at the lowest branch of maple, that mocking branch that dipped only twenty feet

Continued on Page 8



## DECADE

*Continued from Page 6*

vented by the sophomore intellect, fertile in misapplication. And finally four of his lords and masters helped him to perform an involuntary swan dive into the murky depths of the pond. "I didn't mind it at all, really," said one of my classmates with apparently unaffected nonchalance. In those days men were men.

But some students did mind it. Parents protested, the administration put its foot down, and there seemed no deep or widespread regret when Pond Parties became a thing of the past. Other equally robust although somewhat less sadistic traditions were moribund. The Banquet Scrap had degenerated from a miniature civil war into a slightly complicated game of tag, for which (although we as freshmen did not perhaps realize it at the time) enthusiasm had more or less to be manufactured, despite the intrinsic appeal of an occasion for staying up all night and engaging in a good healthy brawl. The Scrap survived a few years longer, and on one occasion received an addition of authentic local color when the main skirmish took place in a barnyard; but the old Aggie spirit was clearly dying.

It is now dead, and decently interred; and no one has less desire than the writer to conjure up its ghost. Nor need we linger over the causes of its demise. Whether the rising tide of coeds, whose nature it is, by virtue of their sex, to wage war less openly and with more delicate weapons, has exercised a civilizing influence, or whether the Zeitgeist has decreed a new order, matters little. The question now is whether the old idolatries do not have their equally undesirable counterparts in the present life of the College.

At least one may say in defense of the "good old days" that the Campus then belonged more or less to the students. An occasional convention of poultry raisers or asparagus

growers, together with High School Day, comprised the only intrusion of the populace upon a society presumably dedicated to education. The barbarian invasions which have in recent years been welcomed with such peculiar pleasure had not then begun. As yet the College had become the unfortunate Mecca of no Conclaves of Convivial Coconut Consumers, no Congresses of Cordial Caterers to Convention, no Clinics of Correct Coddling for Capricious Children, no Councils for the Collective Conversion of Communists into Coupon Clippers, no Cavalcades of Crazy Recreationists Candidly Contriving to Conciliate Captious Critics. In short, the College had not yet been condemned to play Coney Island to the Commonwealth.

And then it was assumed that college students were at least the potential possessors of minds, not altogether incapable of development or unresponsive to discipline. It was possible then to require of all students certain courses not sanctified by the stamp of "service"; which opened, however, to those who had eyes, new intellectual horizons, new worlds for mental conquest, new and not tangible goals to strive for, new and incorruptible treasures to attain. Perhaps in some instances they were poorly taught; perhaps they meant nothing to many students; perhaps they should never have been required; perhaps their place should have been taken sooner by freshman electives which make small mental demands and large pecuniary promises, and in which poor teaching will neither matter nor be noticed. And perhaps any expression of regret at such changes is bound to be dismissed as the peevish opposition of an old grad to any and every innovation. Ten years is a long time, after all!

*Ellsworth Barnard, prominent member of the Class of '28 (which included Dr. Maxwell H. Goldberg), and once managing editor of the Collegian, is now teaching English at Williams College.*



and watched the shining rapiers flash and strike. Each struck a fatal blow simultaneously with the other. I stood and watched them die; held by a force, unable to help, unable to turn away. Suddenly low music played softly as two shining lights rose from their bleeding bodies and started skyward. I flew after them into the sky. They stopped, and a deep, rich voice said, "You can take us back to earth, and we will live again." They followed me back to the garden and reentered the stiff forms. Soon the bodies began to move and they lived again. I left them and went back into the castle alone. This dream, to me, was the most beautiful understanding, the most intrinsic melody of living I have ever experienced.

These dreams may seem strange, even to the point of being absurd, but they were my experiences and have helped me in thinking and living. They have helped me to understand Robert Frost's "Gum-Gatherers." My days are sheathed in a brown bark, rough and homely to grasp in the sunlight; yet, beneath the bark is my life. In the realm of dreams one's thoughts are free to float idly, grasp grotesquely, or form beautiful color patterns. This, to me, is the "pleasant life" of Frost's poem. It is the life bound with no bounds to the heart of a tree; which all goes back to the words I started with, beginning and ending with one's own world; hard to grasp, but worth all efforts in the attempt of grasping:

*"I told him this a pleasant life.*

*To set your breast to the bark of a tree*

*I but all your days are dim beneath."*

## SCIENCE AND DREAMS

I had a cup of beauteous dreams,  
O'erspread with the coral glow of setting sun;  
'Twas silhouetted in night and death,  
Studded with stars and bejewelled with hopes;  
It held the great amber ball of living fire,  
And the great luminescent sphere of silver ice;—

In the design of trees and birds and flowers,  
I thought I traced the handiwork of God,  
But you came with your atoms and molecules,  
Swept the cup from my trembling hands,  
And left me, in tears, to pick up the fragments.

—Helen Marshall '40

## SWING

*Continued from Page 7*

above the grass. The little green leaves danced and whirled in the sun as if to say "you can't touch us."

I had forgotten that poor father was still pushing me—how cool and shady his hammock must have looked! I had forgotten everything except that I was flying now, that the little homes, the fields, and the shining streak of a river stretched out in a dainty pattern of reds, and browns, and greens, like the quilt on my cot under the eaves. I was sure that if I jumped I could land right out on the puffy, marshmallow cloud that nestled in friendly ease at the horizon. I had forgotten to clutch the rope now, but merely held it with relaxed, firm grip. I was afraid of height no longer. I wanted to push harder, to touch those leaves. My leg muscles tensed in effort. Now father ran under the swing as he pushed to force me even higher. He must have been tired by the exertion, but he would keep it up as long as I was being amused. The force as I struck his hand jarred him a little now, (I could feel it); I was within a foot of the branch. With a supreme stretch as I swung forward, the eager tip of my straining toe flicked at one of the leaves lightly. I was supremely happy.

Now, father stopped pushing. I could "let the old cat die." The shapes that had been indistinct cleared and focussed now—the pear tree against the side slope, the watering trough at the foot of the hill, my father leaning up against the sturdy trunk of the tree, breathing audibly. Now the swing of my legs and the arch of my back kept me going. What a glorious thing a swing was! What a wonderful person my father was! I was slowly swinging back to earth again, back from a sail in the blue sky, to a sickening sway. Impatiently I threw my legs out and half-slid, half-fell onto the long grass. I remember now as I tore off to the barn to join the other children that father smiled a broad smile and wandered over to his reading in the quiet and shade again.

The hurt of that bump on my forehead, the gentleness of my father's arms as he had comforted me, the intense joy of being lifted high in the air by the swing, and my father's quiet pleasure at my happiness came back to me as I looked and felt of that dark piece of rope that I had spied in the corner of the basement. I had almost forgotten the other little things that my father was always doing for me when I was young—singing me to sleep, bringing me a special game or book when I was sick, baiting the line for me when I went fishing with him, besides the task of erecting the swing when he was hot and tired. I wished as I held that piece of rope that I could tell him that only now did the full realization of what he had done come over me. But I held only a lifeless piece of rope before me. When I next saw him, I would be too busy or too embarrassed to express what I felt, or he would be too tired and too worried to listen. I laid the rope tenderly in its corner again, and turned back to my reading.

## DREAMS

*Continued from Page 5*

heard Saint Peter say; We have been waiting for you for nine years; for Christ, Plato and Socrates want you for a fourth at bridge!" For the rest of the night I played bridge, and have not been troubled by the dream since. Dementia Praecox one might say? All I know is that the dream was very real and truly harrowing for nine years. I hope it is over.

There is another dream that stays in my mind, a dream more difficult to understand because of its complexity. I was in a huge room, dulled with one faint blue light. Suddenly a great force of wind swept through the empty room and changed me also into a blue flame. I started floating about the blue room, aware of no feeling except that of intense light. Then I stopped and could feel the smoke from my fire rise to the ceiling. It formed words clearly, as a horrible silence settled over the room. The smoke words said, "Warn them, warn them, or else Bud will be dead. Ether—no ether—warn them—" The room grew black.

The next day I went home for Christmas vacation. Mother met me at the door. "Bud went to the hospital for a minor operation yesterday," she said. The dream came back with tremendous force; for this was the first I knew of my friend's illness. When mother reassured me that he would be home within a week, I tried to be calm and keep my dread to myself. Bud, my oldest friend, died in three days. The doctor said that the ether caused peritonitis. One can easily imagine my terror. Perhaps that dream was mere fantasy; I do not believe it was.

While I am taking you through the halls of my experience, will you permit me to lead you still farther with me, now, into a beautiful place? I don't know where it was but it was a beautiful place. I was a princess dressed in long white satin robes. I walked through the halls of a castle into a formal garden. Two richly dressed nobles were dueling. I watched their lithe bodies charge and retreat;



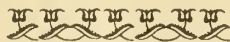
# THE COLLEGIAN QUARTERLY



SLATE TOWN . . . . . *Ben Spungin*  
MY LIFE WITH A CHEYENNE WOMAN . . . *Dee Smith*  
PIE-EYED PIPERS . . . . . *Peter Barreca*  
THE MUSIC OF THE SPHERES . . . . *Mary R. Doyle*  
MEMORIES OF MARGARET . . . . . *Dean Terry*  
FRESHMAN PHILOSOPHY . . . . . *Irving Rabinovitz*

*And Poetry by*

BERYL BRIGGS, MYRON W. FISHER,  
LEO LECLAIR, BETTINA HALL



## AUTUMN - - 1938

MASSACHUSETTS STATE COLLEGE







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# THE COLLEGIAN QUARTERLY

*Edited by* SIDNEY ROSEN, '39

ROBERT J. MCCARTNEY, '40, *Junior Editor*    ALLEN GOVE, '39, *Business Mgr.*

MASSACHUSETTS STATE COLLEGE

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## FOREWORD

*With the adoption of this new form, the COLLEGIAN QUARTERLY, sponsored as a gratuitous addition to the MASSACHUSETTS COLLEGIAN, makes its bid for permanency on the Massachusetts State Campus. Hailing the new A.B. degree and the birth of the Liberal Arts Department, deliberate steps in the growth of this college, the QUARTERLY wishes to be considered also as a stepping-stone to the universal recognition of the progress of the Massachusetts State Spirit.*

*Literature is life; the scientific monograph, the novel, the economic survey, and poetry, are all definite parts of Experience. The COLLEGIAN QUARTERLY offers the student an outlet for the expression of his Ideas and Experience — in this way, the QUARTERLY is part of the Life on this campus. The Editors urge all the men and women of Massachusetts State, Science as well as Liberal Arts Majors, Freshmen as well as Seniors, to take an active interest in their COLLEGIAN QUARTERLY.*

*For Science and Literature can both fuse to produce great works of Art — consider Bacon's "Essays" and Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy." Our college has always emphasized a fusion of the Arts and Science, and in order to become more perfect, should continue to do so. The college student should graduate a "full man" and not with a shallow, monorailed mind.*

*The Editors wish, therefore, that the students pursuing Scientific curricula at Massachusetts State do not consider the COLLEGIAN QUARTERLY to be only a convenience for the Liberal Arts Department. The COLLEGIAN QUARTERLY is a Literary Journal to which all students, faculty-members, and alumni are invited to contribute.*



## TWO POEMS

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### I

#### CLOUDS

Grey is the day—  
Through the beauty of the cloud  
Holds me in a mystic spell.  
Why hangs it there?  
To cover or protect the mountain?  
I think not—for the strength to tower  
In rugged peaks is no transient thing.  
How sweet would be the time  
When I would know  
The Why of Clouds  
The Where of God,  
The What of Me.  
Would not I then be happy?  
No—  
For to grasp in my hand the power to know,  
Would snatch from me the joy of dreams;  
And leave me crying aloud,  
Clasping grim reality,  
Rather than breathlessly  
Chasing a cloud.

### II

#### BOREDOM

Boredom—  
Is like a cat,  
That yawns, turns its lazy head,  
Blinks empty eyes—  
And sleeps in the sun.

—*Beryl Briggs*, '39



## SLATE TOWN

*—Ben Spungin, '41*

FOR miles around stretched the melancholy monotony of grey slate. Wherever the eye wandered it was assaulted by dull, dreary grey. Slate sidewalks, slate roofs, slate dust in the gutters so that the water ran grey when it rained, roads patched with crumbled slabs of slate, slate curbs, slate steps, slate foundations, chunks of slate lying on the slate sidewalks and the slate streets, slabs of slate lying on the earth unfertile and sterile with slate dust, slate in the hair and the eyes and the clothes, slate in the lungs, slate dust in the bloody spit of the tubercular—this was the slate belt.

On a rainy day the grey sky merged with the grey houses and the grey landscape in relentless, suffocating monotony so that depression sat down on your chest, shut off your breath, and got a hammerlock about your temples. On such a day an old Polish peasant woman shuffling across the street, seemed to shatter with blinding brilliance the suffocating flood of grey with her black cotton dress.

The slate quarry, a malignant ulcer in the back of the earth, dug out from a flat-topped hill, a hill that rose abruptly for about four hundred feet, and then leveled off to a plain a mile square. For years, men had dragged blocks of waste slate out of the gigantic crater had thrown the slate down the sides of the hill until the wall of slate had crept to within ten feet of the houses in the village and threatened to destroy them as it had destroyed the lives of the quarry workers.

The quarry workers were Polish immigrants, peasants in the old country, reared in the sharp pungency of cabbage and manure and wet earth. But in the relentless, monotonous, sterile shadow of the quarry they were lost. Some of them tried to retain their bond with the soil, with infinite patience and labor cultivating their small gardens, spending weary hours pouring pail after pail of well-drawn water on gruding patches of slate dust that drank the water greedily, and five minutes later showed no trace of moisture. Stubbornly, they kept up the bitter struggle, but the inevitable slate smothered their pathetic efforts.

They never complained of their lot. But sometimes they had visitors from the cities, from Harrisburg and Wilkes Barre, and Easton. Under the spell of the newcomer they would listen to him as to an oracle, and their faces would light up as he told of cities with gigantic parks, cities where they had Polish dances, Polish stores where you could buy delicacies of the old country, where there were hundreds of girls so that you didn't have to marry the first cow that you saw. He told them of rich, Pennsylvania land where you could grow wheat—just like at home—land that was black and moist so it steamed like manure under a hot sun, land that could be gotten cheap, wheat that rippled like a golden lake under a high wind.

And then they would ask questions of the visitor, simple little questions, wistfully, yearningly, like little children.



"Ah, that would be nice, wouldn't it, Pan."

They would all sigh together as if listening to a fairy tale impossible of fulfillment, "Ah, that would be nice."

"And you say this land could be gotten cheap?"

"Is it true that in the city where you live there are really places where they dance and have good times like at home?"

"Now suppose, this land is already gotten, pan. We could build a house. Nothing big but comfortable all the same. One could have animals about the place. Good earth. You know, pan, I've forgotten how the earth looks. It would be nice to step along in the field and sink in at every step. And are you certain, pan, that the land could be gotten cheap?"

For hours they would ask the same questions, making him repeat his information again and again. And when he left, they would gravely bid him godspeed at the railroad station, admonishing him, "Come and see us often." As becomes good kin folk and brothers.

They would run alongside the train as it pulled out of the station, running until they were out of breath and couldn't keep up with the train, until someone would stumble and fall into the cinders of the railroad embankment, still keeping up their chant,

"And you say this land could be gotten cheaply?" Until the train ran away with their fairy tale.

When their visitors had gone, they passed to their houses in silence. Barracks—long houses that accommodated ten families, houses with ten separate entrances confusing in their sameness, the sort of a house an unimaginative child would build out of blocks. They would sit, each on his own stoop, hugging their knees. Even the children grew gloomy, afraid of the foreboding silence, and went to bed early instead of playing their usual loud games under the unhealthy, white glare of the street lamps.

The men would finally go into their houses. Lights would burn until morning. A man would stagger into the street, falling drunkenly into the dust of the road, his woman tugging at him, finally sitting down beside him to wait until he would get up. The women understood the worm eating away their men, and understanding it endured, and grew tight-lipped and old.

The women were as harsh-featured as the men. The same harsh, protruding cheekbones, no delicacy of features, no feminine softness of complexion, knotted fingers and arms, and legs that were bowed and too short for the body, scrawny wrists, skin stretched breaking tight over face and body and limbs, skin dried up and oil-less, barren as the slate dust, skin that did not wrinkle, but cracked. Women that were young for a year and then without any intermediate stages—except the bearing of a child—passed into an old age of shapeless bodies and ankle-long dresses and tennis shoes; who crept into bed beside their men with dirty feet and sweaty bodies.

Some of the quarry workers fought a vicious battle against the march of the quarry. Pan Kamiński carried on the conflict of a peasant in an unnatural and immoral environment. Patiently, he dug holes in the soil about



his stoop with an ice-pick, so cement-like was the earth. Each day saw him return from the quarry with a flower, an herb, a tuft of grass. He would place them in the holes he had gouged out, and lovingly water them and sit on his stoop in the dusk and wait for the garden to grow before his eyes, to show some sign of fertility in this region of barren monotony, but even as he watched, they dried, withered. Even then Pan Kamierski refused to throw them away. He let them stay in the ground, brown and sere, and it was only the rain that could wash them away. The front of his house was a forest of dried up stalks.

Pan Kamierski's interest in living things was partly a result of thwarted parenthood. His wife had many children, they came at ten month intervals, until she became more reliable than a calendar, but none of her children lived. Except for one daughter, Blanche. During the months that Pan Kamierski's wife carried the child, it was impossible to detect any difference in her body or in the way she carried herself. Her children were born small, wizened as she was, lifeless as she was, lacking the will and equipment to live. Panie Kamierski did not mourn after her stillborn offspring. They were as well off dead. So many less to feed in a constantly hungry household.

Pan Kamierski's sole evidence of fertility in a barren world was his daughter, Blanche. But this too was lost. She went swimming with a few companions in a water-filled quarry, the one recreation of the children of the village. They thought she was joking when she called for help. And after she had sunk beneath the grey waters, the children were afraid to carry the news home. That evening, the children were sober and quiet, afraid to remain in the streets after dark had fallen. Pan Kamierski sensed the unusual atmosphere, and together with the elders of the village managed to drag the story from a frightened, browbeaten child.

All night, the men dragged the quarry until they had reclaimed the water-logged body, a look of fear, anguish, surprise frozen on her face.

The funeral was one of the highlight events of the year. Every member of the community came to view her body. The undertaker had done a creditable job, considering his experience and equipment. The day she lay in state was hot and the wax that had been melted into the hole in her cheek where the dragging hooks had caught her, melted and ran down her face. And the cotton with which her mouth was filled showed through her open mouth. He had rouged her face well; she looked much more healthy than when living, and that was a difficult and creditable piece of work.

There were some refreshments for those participating in the wake. The priest came and offered condolences, and besides the regular burial service threw in an extra prayer or two for the same money. At the graveyard, as the body was being lowered, he felt the disheartenment of his flock, and painted a rosy picture of what a beautiful heaven was awaiting these simple wards of his that were enduring so much. He seemed a little surprised at the unresponsive attitude to his benign gesture to alleviate their distress. He felt



that perhaps he had been misunderstood and the next Sunday repeated his words in a sermon.

Pan Kamierski did not weep at the funeral. He did not sit at the wake. While his daughter's body lay in state in a cheap pine coffin, he sat in the kitchen staring at a crucifix on the wall, sometimes minutely examining the plain, scoured wooden floor, when the crucifix gave him no answer.

He never troubled himself with flowers or herbs or even tufts of grass. He did not painfully dig up the soil with an ice pick and water his growing things and wait for them to grow before his eyes.

Every day he went to work, every evening he returned. And every evening he ate his supper without speaking to his wife, and dragged himself to bed.

He worked hard and fast at the slate quarry. The foreman commented to the other men on Pan Kamierski's valiant efforts to enrich the Penn-Argyl Slate Company and held him up as a shining example. He even got a raise in pay. And in four years he managed to pay the undertaker for the burial of the child, and finally to pay his bill at the store for the extra food he had had to provide for his his guests at the funeral.

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## LONGING FOR THE STARS

I wanted a star—  
Just one tiny little star  
To hold, like a captured firefly  
Trapped in my hands.  
Oh wind that flies  
Like a cry thru the night,  
Pluck me one, just one star,  
One little star to glow  
Thru my fingers like fire.  
But the wind laughed at my folly  
And said: "Child, foolish child,  
Deeming a thing small because far;  
Someday God will give you a star  
To hold—and tho glowing,  
You will find it cold,  
And call it Death."

—Helen Marshall, '40



## MY LIFE WITH A CHEYENNE INDIAN WOMAN

—Dee Smith, '39

I NEVER lived with a Cheyenne Indian woman. I never lived with any Indian woman. I have known two of them, but life with them would have been a bore.

One was a basket-weaver who squatted perennially in front of an Abercrombie-and Fitch lean-to at the Boston Sportsman's Show. She probably still squats; I don't know. I missed the show last year. She had a wizened recessive forehead and a mouth that made one feel as though she were trying rather successfully to swallow her lips. I know her especially well because she was the one I asked about the canoe-tilting. I wanted to know what time it was to be held. She did not answer, "Ugh, me no know," as I had expected, but rambled on quite fluently in language that smacked suspiciously of Dorchester. Her posture and her countenance, however, were reassuringly immemorial; so, I imagine, were her baskets.

The other All-American woman, while no less a chance acquaintance, was a much more intimate pal of mine. On our first meeting she shared with me the secrets of her heart. I met her in Child's Bar, 53rd Street, New York City. She was a graduate of Smith. She said so herself. She was also one-hundred per cent Choctaw Indian. She said so herself. "I am," she confided lovingly to my friend and me, "a Choctaw Indian." Then, as the idea took firmer hold on her hand and she began to understand its interesting possibilities, she added, "—One-hunerd pershent. One-hunerd pershent Choctaw Indian."

We don't come to the city very often, my friend and I, but when we do, we scarcely expect to meet Indians. It upsets us and gives us an idea that somehow civilization is becoming more and more unstable. We get a momentary vision of the Indians coming back to take over the white man's edifice. We wonder how they will like riding ponies up the escalators and carrying on tribal wars in Manhattan. Perhaps Thomas Dewey can enlist them for a state-wide gangster-scalping bee.

But such visions are insubstantial and transitory. Hard reason always breaks them down. That's the trouble with hard reason. My New York Indian was not looking for new hunting grounds. No, she hadn't gotten over the loss of her old ones. Tears covered her high cheek-bones when she first wavered over to us. Reaching for my shoulder, missing it and finding my friend's, she dripped her despair onto his left sleeve and blurred her loss into his ear. She couldn't find her notebook. Some one had stolen it, her precious notebook. It was black, I remember, but there seemed to be some uncertainty about the size: her hands slid like a trombone player's. While she described the looks of the book, she made a feeble approach to Choctaw Immobility, but something more sympathetic in the set of my right shoulder when she swayed to it, brought down the floods again. "It hash addresshes in it," she announced.



"Some of the nicest young men: and telephone numbers. Adresses and telephone numbers of some of the nicest young men. Like you!" she explained, pointing violently at an old gentleman. "And you," she added comfortingly to us on the recovery.

No, sad to say, visions of returning Red-men are futile. They are but the vapouring of an imaginative soul. The race of stalwart Red-men, their faces set immovably against the softness of the Pale-face, has disappeared. Indians are going down hill. The savage is going to hell with the rest of us. The squaw graduates from Smith. The days are past when we can sigh with Pope:

"Lo! the poor Indian, whose untutor'd mind

Sees God in clouds and hears him in the wind."

Better this:

Lo! the poor Indian, whose scholastic bent

Sinks God in Physics, Chemistry, and Ent.

Or this:

Lo! the fair Indian! Her decadent race

Seeks ale in Child's and men in every place.

Lo! the poor Indian, the last we saw of her she was groping her way into a seat on an up-town local and waving us a gawky farewell. We thought it only fair to see her safely headed in the direction which she preferred at the moment. She hesitated between Oklahoma City and the Bronx. Oklahoma City was her tribal stomping ground, but something drew her irresistably towards her adopted tenement in the Bronx—probably the five-cent fare.

Thus the second Indian passed out of my life. The third is yet to come. She is the Cheyenne woman. I read about her life in the 87th volume of the *Miscellaneous Collections* of the Smithsonian Institute. Publication number 3,140 in that book is "The Narrative of a Southern Cheyenne Woman." She tells a vivid and exciting story of ceremonies, martial troubles, dances, and the like. She doesn't even mention basket-weaving. and she never heard of Smith. Her story is thoroughly annotated by ethnological experts, who seem compromisingly authoritative. I'm asking them to help me prepare for my Indian life. It is going to be pretty fascinating and pretty confusing with that woman out in Calumet, Oklahoma. When I get back, I'll write an essay about it. For the Smithsonian Institute.





## SONNET SEQUENCE

"WE WILL KEEP FAITH WITH YOU WHO WILL LIE ASLEEP"

*By a Veteran of the Future War*

## 1.

Alone, I wandered through the campus walks  
And wondered at the silence of each tree,  
Each barren path; and how the eternal rocks  
Seemed to emanate a mystery  
Of silence, emptiness; even the birds  
Had flown away or forgotten how to sing . . . . .  
In vain I listened for familiar words,  
For happy voices . . . still there seemed to cling  
The baffling cloak of silence. I called aloud  
And waited for the answer to my cry;  
Then, echoing, piercing through the shroud  
Of quiet death, there came a faint reply:  
*Alma Mater, weeping on her throne,  
Softly to herself Alone . . . alone . . .*

## II

The college was deserted; that I knew—  
But why? Why the emptiness, the rooms  
Strewn with opened books? Was there a clue  
To all this solitude? What made cold tombs  
Of darkened halls and muffled every sound?  
Why should I be searching here, alone?  
Why should it be that everything I found  
Was deserted by the classmates I had known?  
Still from the ivied towers, from the air,  
From the dust-filled halls, the distant town,  
From the empty buildings, stark and bare,  
It came, a whisper drifting gently down:  
*Alma Mater, weeping on her throne,  
Softly to herself: Alone . . . alone . . .*

## III

I called to Mars, the glutton-god of death,  
And asked him where the sounds of college were,  
Where the voices, songs, the vital breath  
Of campus life had gone.

"Do you refer,"

The bloody god replied, "to all you knew  
And heard at school?"

"Yes," I said.

"Then look."

He pointed downward to a ghastly view,  
A battlefield; upon the earth he shook  
Within his fist, a dying classmate lay,  
Screaming out in agony and fear—  
"O damned god!" I cried. "Why must you prey  
On us, the few?" But above the din, I hear . . .  
*Alma Mater, weeping on her throne,  
Softly to herself: Alone . . . alone . . .*

—Myron W. Fisher, '39

## PIE-EYED PIPERS

—Peter J. Barreca

WHY on earth sheep should be especially susceptible to the pastoral timbre of the flute, is as yet beyond my meagre comprehension. Perhaps, it has something to do with its blending possibilities with their bucolic bleating, or . . . However, if we are to give any credence at all to Greek mythology, Pan, god of shepherds, was entirely responsible for the flute, and for untold centuries of picturesquely fluting shepherds.

It has been said that George Washington, when not busily engaged scaling silver dollars across ice-coated rivers, often played upon a flute given him by Lafayette. In more ancient times, it was rumored about that Athena played the flute, but threw it away lest puckering her lips to it mar her beauty. And, it was common chatter along the Appian Way that Cleopatra preferred its vibrant timbre for . . . well, she got Anthony.

Unfortunately for this saga, there follows a long, barren period in which the only reference to anything like a flute is some wild tale about a pied piper. Most scholars of today attach no credence whatsoever to this tale; regardless of Mr. Browning's epic poetry.

Theobold Boehm is the man to immortalize. He tooted his flute for seventy long years, and . . . by the way, do you realize what that means? Well, a recent physiological study of flute playing shows that the velocity of the



air as it leaves the flutist's mouth is equivalent to that of a hurricane, or more than seventy-five miles an hour. Remember? Well, to get back to the subject, he tooted his flute for seventy long years, and finally came to the conclusion that something was wrong. I'm sure that now you fully understand why he was so disgusted. Imagine if you tooted a flute for seventy long years! Yes, he was so disgusted that he changed everything about it, but its name.

In the year seventeen hundred, J. C. Denner, a Nuremburg musician, developed a crude sort of clarinet from Boehm's flute. Then, for seventy-five years the new instrument lay untouched. I, of course, have my own answer to this puzzle, but I'm not talking. At any rate, it wasn't until Monsieur Beer of the Paris Conservatory came along that the clarinet, like PWA, was here to stay. Monsieur Beer performed a cadenza passage between bars of a prima-donna's operatic aria so brilliantly on the clarinet that the diva was totally eclipsed. This was unpardonable, and martyr Beer was unappreciatively told to pipe down.

It remained for his successor, Monsieur Klose, to adapt Boehm's system of movable rings to the new clarinet, so pointing the way for Adolph Sax.

It might be somewhat clarifying to delve into the background of the personality responsible for this . . . uh . . . uh . . . It might be interesting to know that little Adolph was taking his first steps from mamma to poppa to mamma to poppa, etc., when a washtub fell and dragged him down three flights of stairs. In something approximating chronological order; he swallowed a pin, fell against a hot stove, by its milky appearance was deceived into drinking a glass of vitriol and water, was recovering from a fall on the pavement when he was thrown into a whirlpool, was burned by a powder explosion, and was rescued from poisoning from lead, arsenic, and copper oxide, only to become nearly asphyxiated from the odor of freshly varnished cellos left in his room to dry!

If you didn't know him better, for a moment you might almost believe he invented the saxophone from spite. Don't entertain such thoughts,—not even for an instant. I assure you, his intentions were honorable. He actually stumbled upon its principle while trying to improve the tone of his clarinet. This last is of course understandable.

With a pocketful of borrowed francs, he went to Paris and set up his own shop. But, jealous instrument makers banded to muscle him out. SSsss . . . They lured his best men away by putting bigger worms on their hooks than he could dig up. Spies on his own payroll sabotaged the plant. The cruelest thrust was when his trusted cashier's false entries almost ruined him. A batch of trumped up court suits claiming infringement on German and Italian patent rights did finish him. To quote Bing Crosby, "He was worth his weight in goldenrods." However, he did live long enough to accept the prize awards given him at the Paris Exposition.

So, with all apologies to Dies and his congressional investigating committee, you can see that the saxophone is a very un-American institution, and ought to be sent back with the Statue of Liberty. Yet, we have taken

it to our hearts. A beautiful thought! What's more important, we have taken it to our hearths. People, for some unknown reason, buy them. Using such advertisements as; "Life of the party, and, "Play for profit—in ninety days"; appealing to man's baser instincts of greed and self-satisfaction, the results have been enormous. Why, if all the saxophones in the country were stretched end to end . . . ahhhhhh . . .

To be technical for a change, I must explain that the modern saxophone is a creature of mass production. The tubular sections are pressed out glassy smooth by lead dies working under a hydraulic pressure of three thousand pounds to the square inch. Every dimension is double checked with calipers and micrometers. After the four parts are soldered together, the bare shell is dipped in a huge electroplating vat where as much as three-hundred dollars worth of yellow gold is sometimes used in a single burnish. For the most part, however, a gold lacquer over brass is used.

Before going to the shipping room the horn passes a long line of mechanical testers, and finally an expert player. This connoisseur of tone spends the whole day putting horns through their paces. One false note, stiff spring, or other flaw, and the misfit is immediately sent back to the factory for re-adjustment. All this, so they can ship one to me, so I can bother you.

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## SLUMBER

Come sweetly slumber that will be mine,  
With mossy woods and leaden skies,  
And dripping cavern's endless sighs  
'Neath hazy stars that dimly shine.  
Upon thy fields each night I roam,  
A silent wind, a questing ghost  
Among wee elves who laugh and boast  
Of a sleepy sea and soft blown foam.

And now I stop by thy shadowed pool  
Where grow the sylvan reeds that calm  
The robust winds with music's charm  
'Till light they bend the grasses cool.  
O mystic world, now art thou gone!  
For dreams, like the ghostly phantom lass  
Whose tender kiss I felt, alas!  
Must vanish quick before the dawn!

—Robert McCartney, '40



## THE MUSIC OF THE SPHERES

—Mary R. Doyle, '40

*(The scene opens; Pierrette and Pierrot are seen lying on their backs on a small hill, gazing into the sky.)*

Pierrot: Look how slow the world rolls by!

Pierrette: What world, I see naught but clouds.

Pierrot: On shimmering vestments of the air! Oh world!

Pierrette: The clouds, the world; are these jests, Pierrot?

Pierrot: Nay, of such stuff is it made, this world. Yon clouds, if crushed, would make a nothingness. How seeming slow, and yet how quickly they go. Oh world!

Pierrette (mocking): You sound as empty as yon clouds.

Pierrot (pointing): Hold, look at yon bird, black against the whiteness of the clouds, weaving his uneven course across the sky, buffeted by the winds, flashing but a moment in the sun, then gone.

Pierrette (shaking her head): Addled, addled, indeed you are.

Pierrot: Look you, how quickly those clouds do change their shape, now something, now nothing.

Pierrette (shrewishly): Come clown, give me a tune, you may as well waste your breath on that, if your breath you *must* waste.

Pierrot: I'll play for you the song of life.

Pierrette: I care not what you play, so it be lively and gay.

*(Pierrot raises himself and draws one leg up, leans on it, and pensively gazing, pipes a long mournful note, holding, and never varying from it.)*

Pierrette: What's this? I like it not, this constant wailing note.

Pierrot: It is your song. It is the song you'll sing.

Pierrette (pleading): Come now, a gay note, I'll dance for you.

Pierrot: Dance to this, then. *(plays again the haunting note.)*

*(Pierrette, who had started to pirouette, decides to mock him, and continues her gay dance to his mournful music. The effect is fantastic, the gay whirling figure against the background of the woeful music. Pierrette stops, she stamps her foot, she is now thoroughly angry.)*

Pierrot: Rail on! Rail on, oh maid, it is the note on which the world revolves. Stop this! then, stop the world.

*(Pierrot begins the eerie note again.)*

Pierrette (pettishly, almost in tears): I want to dance, I can not dance to that. It makes me sad. Good Pierrot, sweet Pierrot, some other tune.

Pierrot: It is your note.

Pierrette: I'll go elsewhere for my music. I like neither you nor your music. You and it are as grim as death. *(Exit Pierrette.)*

Pierrot: Go, heedless one. The note knows how to follow. You, yet, will learn to dance it.

*(The curtain falls, Pierrot starting to whistle again)*

## DRAMA

"NOW is the time to talk of many things," the Walrus said. Yes! and I reiterate; many and enthralling things.

On the evening of November seventh, a little before eight, lights shone brightly forth from the new theater down at the south end of the town; and crowds of people, faces alight with expectation, made their way from the box-office, across to the cloak room and finally down the aisle to their places.

Though weary after a long day which began with that scourge of college life, at eight o'clock, I felt a new surge of life the moment I entered the doors of the theater the very simplicity of which bespeaks its sumptuousness. A moment of hushed tenseness and the plain, rich curtain rose.

Before us loomed a tall mountain covered with pines and on the summit stood a lone Indian. Here we have the setting for "High Tor" the first in a cycle of five plays by Maxwell Anderson to be presented during the current season by *The Masquers* in the new Kirby Memorial Theater at Amherst College.

It is impossible to give you, in a few brief words, a complete summary of "High Tor". Mr Anderson is all supreme in his expression. I feel reluctant to try. But for the benefit of those who were not fortunate enough to be present at one of the four performances, I shall try to bring it to you.

Mr. Anderson shows us the petty money grasping civilization of today through the eyes of a group of phantom old Dutch settlers who had been marooned on High Tor hundreds of years ago.

Van Van Dorn, ably portrayed by Harmar Ker, loves his mountain and does not wish to sell to Biggs and Shimmerhorn, representatives of a huge trap rock company, who wish to bring in their steam-shovels to gouge away at High Tor. Biggs, played by James S. Hart and Skimmerhorn by Robert Guest, as typical money-grabbers of our era, furnish excellent comedy relief to the drama.

Judith, practical sweetheart of Van Dorn, who feels that money is more important to their future happiness than is the possession of the mountain was charmingly and convincingly portrayed by Martha Allis. The phantom group were a bit too robust to comply with my idea of ghosts; with the exception of Lise, Katherine Canfield, who was actually ethereal.

I heard someone say, "At times the play moves very slowly but just as we are beginning to get slightly bored something happens and we forget immediately that slight feeling of boredom." That all may be - - - but - - - the lighting was magnificent, the scenery and costumes most effective, and after all is said and done, to the director goes a crown of laurel and to the whole cast the utmost credit for their fine performance.

—Joe Bart



## THE HOUR OF CITIES

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Dusk is the hour of cities and their glory.  
In the haze that floats about the stone  
A beauty comes and sets the heart afire;  
A melody from what was monotone  
Awakens pace and sets to dance desire.

The country's time is dawn. The barnyards sleep  
And yet anticipate. The stars slip out  
And all the scene awaits the first faint "Cheep!"

Villages seem best in morning light.  
The schoolward children fill the streets with song,  
And sunlit greens become a gold delight.

But the only hour of cities is twilight.  
The moment when the night enchants the day,  
And misty brilliance charms the flashing glow  
Of artificial suns and stars to stay  
A little from their later daring show  
Of red and white and black. The vistas frame  
The barely twinkling avenues to note  
The place where dusky blue and sunset flame  
Combine. The dusty Square becomes remote,  
The site of colored gray and mellow light.

The moment passes and the brighter night  
Comes on. But lost the mystery and the power;  
For dusk, ephemeral dusk, is the city's hour.

—Leo Leclair, '39

## MEMORIES OF MARGARET

—Dean Terry, '40

HE WAS glad the funeral was over. He hated funerals. Why were they all the same: dismal, heavy, tedious? Why couldn't Margaret's funeral have been like her, light, and gay? No! Her funeral was the same as the rest. They all followed the same tiresome pattern—a long procession, an empty grave, people crying, a dark coffin being lowered, clods of dirt falling, prayer ending with the conventional "May your soul rest in peace. Amen."

Some of them had watched him to see how he was taking it. He did not cry. Men do not cry. Women lie on beds and couches, or bury their heads in handkerchiefs, and let their sorrows gush forth in tears, but men, their sorrows form little lumps in dry throats and make their foreheads warm.

He was glad he was left at home for awhile before the others came. His home. Margaret's home. Yesterday, a cheerful, gay house reflecting her contagious laugh, with sunshine in the corners, and perfume in the air. Now, a drab house, beaten, sad, without a mistress, lonely, without a life.

He stopped in the hallway and picked up an umbrella from the rack. Margaret's umbrella. It seemed queer to him that he did this for he had passed a thousand times in the hallway, when Margaret was living, without noticing it. She had bought it from a crippled peddler, one day, when they were caught in a sudden rain. She liked it because of the little, laughing, clown face that was carved in the rich dark wood of the handle. He had forgotten all about it, but now, that Margaret was gone, it seemed to stand out by itself, as if it too had once lived. He noticed that the clown was not laughing anymore. It seemed to him as if the joyful laugh had been replaced by a soulful smile. The clown realized in his wooden head that he never again would be held in Margaret's hand.

He walked slowly into the library, a small library, covered on three sides with bookshelves overfilled with leather-bound books. There, in one corner, were a few volumes standing alone, Margaret's books, the ones she loved best, *Sonnets* by Shakespeare, *Newman's Essays*, a few volumes of a lighter tone, and her favorite, a small red-tooled-leather bound volume of Scott's *Marmion*.

He remembered when she used to read aloud a few lines here and there, to him just pretty verses, to her much more. She seemed to live with the poet, to capture his mood, his thoughts. She often said to him,

"It's wonderful, John, think of it. The poets not only have their ambitions, their thoughts, their perceptions, but they are able to put them on paper, to let the world share their inner feelings with them."

And then she would repeat.

"It's wonderful, wonderful."

He recalled the lines she would read over and over again, and each time receive new delight from them.



*"Thus oft it haps that when within  
They shrink at sense of secret sin,  
A feather daunts the brave;  
A fool's wild speech confounds the wise,  
And proudest princes veil their eyes  
Before their meanest slave."*

He walked quietly into the kitchen. Here was Margaret's Palace. Here she was Queen.

Over the door was an old axiom written on ancient paper. Margaret had picked it up in a curio shop. He had made her a frame for it.

*"The way to a man's heart is through his stomach."* That was the law of Margaret's kitchen.

He looked at the polished white steel table, bare for the first time that he could remember. Before, there were always hot steaming pies, or cakes to be frosted, or small tarts with jelly centers.

He remembered what Margaret used to say when she caught him scraping fresh frosting off the cakes with his finger, or sampling her dinner puddings while they were still warm.

"You men! Always taking bits of this and that. Can't you possibly wait to meal time?"

She tried to be cross but Margaret couldn't be cross at anyone for very long. He would kiss her then, on the side of her nose, she liked that, and they would both laugh.

He went next into her bedroom, a neat, homey, likable, room done completely in soft medium blue. Blue was her favorite color. She would say, "It matches my eyes. That's the fashion now."

But it did more than match her eyes, it matched her personality. The room was her. It seemed to say,

"I am Margaret's room. I am gay, and cheerful, and lively, like her."

No matter how many worries one had, no matter how low a troubled head hung, the room seemed to give out an refreshing energy, a sunshine all of its own.

That was the magic of Margaret's room. That was the magic of Margaret.

He saw his picture on her dressing table in a blue frame. By its side was a tiny jewelry box made of small pieces of blue glass and small chips of blue porcelain. He had given it to her one Christmas. She had kissed him and said,

"It's lovely, so delicate and unusual, and it matches my room so nicely. It shall have the most important place on my table, right next to your picture."

He was so happy at the time because she thought so much of his gift. That was another secret of Margaret's, the ability to make the slightest offering seem like a rajah's gold.

But now the room had lost its appeal. It was just another bedroom done in soft medium blue. The magic of Margaret was no longer there.

He walked slowly into the living-room. He looked at Margaret's favorite chair, a deep, scarred leather chair. He remembered how she used to sit there, her knitting in her lap, the firelight casting a weird shadow over her and everything alike. He would be reading an adventure story, and there would be a silence, a friendly silence, broken only by the crackling of the wood in the fireplace and the click of her needles. He would begin to yawn and when he looked her way he would see her watching him.

"I think it's about time you went to bed, John."

He would nod and say, "In a few minutes," and then later,

"Are you tired?"

"No," she would answer, and then he would catch her yawning on the sly. They both would laugh and put away their things.

He sat down in her chair, and rubbed his fingers slowly over the wounded leather. He felt the tears coming to his eyes. He tried to stop them but couldn't. His father had told him that a man didn't cry, but he was not a man now, just a fourteen-year old boy who no longer had a mother.

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## FIRST FROST

This was a sharp new wine, whose liquid fire  
Has burned to black, the hard lean mouth of youth,  
And touched the blood with razor-keen desire  
To drink too deep. Where are the lips are loth  
To taste this bitter joy, that shrink from pain  
Too exquisite for human breath to bear?  
Oh! that this reeling madness fills the same  
World with its whetted edge, and chills the air.

This is the frost. Where once was known  
The tender breath of things that live, is chill.  
For these are mystic, haunting days, that feel  
Like vacuum'd time, where summer's green has grown—  
And died. Now all is cold—and black—and still,  
And all is frost, and nothing else is real.

—*Bettina Hall*, '39



## FRESHMAN PHILOSOPHY

—Irving Rabinovitz, '42

**N**OT the tangible reality of things, but the menacing formlessness of the unknown, is what most people fear. And young people, on entering their first college year, are not to be censured when they fear what lies before them. The vast region of higher learning, as yet unexplored, extends mistily into the distant future. This region must be thoroughly mastered before proceeding further. The enemy is strong and stubborn; opposing him are the untried legions of Youth. Reigning supreme over this powerful empire is Philosophy, but there are some who would degrade him to the status of a plaything of idle diversion. Philosophy rises above the quarrels of his contending subjects, for Philosophy is the essence of science; with his potent name are linked Socrates, Aristotle, Plato, Spinoza, Kant, and Hegel. Small wonder is it that the student hesitates to come to close grips with this omnipotent sovereign.

And yet he must face the problem. But how? He must bring together the experience of less than two decades. He must condense it and crystallize it. He must explain it not only in terms of his own personality, but also in terms of the great world around him. His ideas are constantly changing, both in number and content. He is subject to powerful forces, disrupting his previous conceptions, creating new thought syntheses. Seeking shelter and support, he flings himself against the mountains of these old conceptions, but finds them levelled to the ground, crumbled to sand, beneath the disintegrating blows of opposing opinion. He finds that the thought-system he had accepted consisted mainly of pre-digested information that he had not troubled to examine for truth or coherence. A wholesome spirit of doubt is engendered, causing him to scrutinize, with regained vision, humanity and its problems.

Unfortunately, I am basing my ideas not on general observation, but on personal experience. I might interject an autobiographical note and state that five years have elapsed since I left high-school. I can now state unemotionally that they have been the most cruel, and as result, the most important ones of my brief span of twenty-two years. However, I don't think the modification and the recreation of my outlook was unique. I believe that every young person would respond and does respond to similar conditions in much the same way.

Fundamentally, my philosophy is one of growth and development combining the idea of an expanding personality and an expanding world, declaring that personal progress is conditioned on the progress of the world. Reducing the foregoing to terms of my own life, my contribution to the improvement of the world can best be made by improving myself, by educating myself. The function of the College, as I see it, should be to help me to achieve these aims. For the College to equip me with training in some special vocation is not enough; for the College to teach me about the movements of the heavenly bodies, while ignoring the movements of our fellow-creatures

on this planet, also falls short of my goal. The end of the process of college education should be a mature person, trained, but not sunk in the groove of short-sighted practicality, learned, but not stuffed with sterile erudition. He should be an individual prepared to see his way clear and to act in world subject to rapid change.

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## VARIATIONS

Always a word  
Is disinterred  
To find another  
And match a third—

Always a phrase  
That has a brother  
To form a haze  
Of glittering hues—

Always a clause  
Attempts to lose  
The molding its father  
Produced, because

Words are fashioned  
In putty molds,  
And stress of passion,  
Or some irration

In warmth or cold,  
Can shift the figure  
And ease the rigor  
Of what is told.

—Nestor

*The Editors of the COLLEGIAN QUARTERLY welcome any comments or constructive criticism that may lead to the improvement of the publication.*









*See Weaving Book*

# THE COLLEGIAN QUARTERLY

*"Valley People, Mountain Watchers, What  
Is Your Weaving Memory Now Enclosing?"*



SPRING - 1939 - SUMMER





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# THE COLLEGIAN QUARTERLY

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Spring-Summer 1939

Massachusetts State College

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*Edited by* ROBERT J. MCCARTNEY '40

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## DEAR EVOLUTION

At present, it is impossible for the *Massachusetts Collegian* to publish four times each year an issue of the *Quarterly* as large as the present one. But, if the signs about us are to be interpreted as we prefer that they should, a great period of continued expansion for this literary supplement lies directly ahead.

Such factors as the sublime restlessness of our contributors in their constant search for more excellent criteria of expression, and the increasingly acute constructive criticism which we receive from the faculty, from the students, and from sources outside the college—all summon the grateful acknowledgement which we herewith present.

Of greatest encouragement to us is the realization that student contribution and general criticism are the surface manifestations of something deeper—a sincere interest in the evolution of the *Quarterly*! The editing staff has dedicated itself to bring you a larger magazine that will establish itself for the duration of the college's existence, as a permanent and respected element of campus academic activity.

The college not only desires, but has great need of a permanent medium through which the tang of student art can find zestful expression. In this achievement will be found a true means of reflecting our inner forces of life.

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Cover quotation in this issue from *Valley People*, senior class ode for 1939, by Beryl Briggs; cover plate of campus from Wilder Hall through courtesy of the *Index*.



## TWO POEMS

### TIME'S DEBATE

*A Prose Poem*

YOUTH stretched high to feel the strength from rugged shores of night. White arms raised in silvered birch to touch the moon. She half turned and called to the shriveled, shapeless form that shadowed a gnarled bare tree. "Age, Age, come into the light. Youth stood still as whitened bark and spoke softly to the black silence. Yesterday a new sewn moon brought me sweetness, cloying sweetness that I craved in sickening frenzy. But yesterday is gone and I feel only the empty taste of too much tasting. Today, rounded in full harvest, the moon fills me with a steadied light. Now I can see and feel and touch beauty with careful, understanding hands; potters, wheels stop grinding; I am content, I want no more. Age shivered in the chilling night; quietly she held her bent head in a wrinkled caress. And youth, turning back to feel the strength from rugged shores of night, steadied trembling hands, and watched the far horizon for the lightened margin of tomorrow.



### 5th STREET

He took a mold of molten iron  
And watched its new-found liquid fire;  
White heat crackled as it fled  
Down into a darkened cell.  
Wet drops dripped on the silvered stream,  
Stung and sang and were forgotten.  
The fire was molded fast in heavy cases  
In a wooden box it lay cold and stiff.  
Strange that I should think of this  
As I watched an old woman rock a baby.

—Beryl Briggs '39

## WHAT MANNER OF MAN IS THIS?

*A crisp sketch by a well-known  
coed who prefers to be unknown.*

**M**Y FATHER is tone deaf. He cannot sing on key, but he gets the general idea of a tune, and I enjoy his singing. I remember two songs which he used to sing to me: one was a warm, comfortable song called "Bi-lo Baby Bunting"; the other was a cold, cruel piece called "My wife's gone to the country, Hurray!" I never could help feeling all twisted inside at this, and genuine tears were inevitable when he reached the second line: "She took the children with her, Hurray! Hurray!"

My next conscious recollection of my father was on my sixth birthday. All the first grade came to my party after school was out, and then my father came home from work. He and I drove uptown, and he let me go in alone to buy a "Raggedy Andy" doll. I was thrilled at the idea of making such a purchase with no older person to supervise me. The doll was a marvel with a plaid shirt, gay trousers, and red-and-white striped socks. He had a wide, painted smile, shoe-button eyes, and his yarn-hair was a glorious shade of red. Andy's suit was sewed on to him; so he could not be dressed up on every slight occasion as the other dolls were. Yet Andy was the only man-doll in the neighborhood, and he usually sat in the biggest and best doll chair, his limp arms dangling, his black eyes bright but impersonal, his painted smile detached and benevolent.

When I was much older, my father used to like to have me read to him. I was old enough to read, but not wise enough to understand Dickens' *Pickwick Papers*. Waistcoats, shillings, coaches, and unintelligibly long sentences were all the story meant to me. I remember a breach of promise suit against Mr. Pickwick. A law suit suggested disaster to me, but my father was much amused at it. He laughed heartily over Sam Weller's antics on ice-skates, whereupon I became really angry; I thought the whole story was silly, and it confused me when Dad found it funny. He was not well at the time, and as I think of it now, I wonder how he found any enjoyment in my laboriously spelling out words and stalling over Sam's cockney accent.

By the time we were reading *Martin Chuzzlewit*, I, too, was old enough to enjoy the story. Although the book was over eight hundred pages long, or maybe because it was over eight hundred pages long, we never hurried to finish it. We tried to find a prototype in our town for every character in the book. Father thought our church deacon would make an excellent Pecksniff, and surely Sarah Gamp had nothing on my mother's father's second wife. Sarah Gamp always astounded my father. He used to ask me to stop reading



so we could pore over the weird picture of her in the frontispiece. We would stop to rearrange the logs in the fireplace, and then my father would have to relate to my mother the latest Pecksniffian outrage. At the end of a convenient chapter we would pause, then read the heading of the next chapter "in which the tables are turned completely upside down." I would be tempted to turn to the end of the book and see just how everything came out, but my father sternly believed this was a cardinal sin, second only to cheating at solitaire.

When I was seventeen, I tried to tell my father that I was disappointed in myself. When I was very young, I had been certain that by the time I was seventeen, I would have done something great in the world. He said that he knew exactly how I felt; when he was in the eighth grade, he had wondered with dismay how he could possibly wait until he was thirty-five years of age to become President of the United States.

I think it is my father's close attention to small things that makes him give such appropriate Christmas gifts. Last Spring I happened to mention that it would be fun to raise some gourds; the next time I went home the gourds were ready to be transplanted into the ground. At the end of the summer I thought some crocus would look very pretty on the lawn between the elm trees. In his last letter to me, he said he had planted, on the lawn between the elms, one hundred crocus bulbs. I cannot imagine him making anyone a gift of shirts, socks, ties, or stationery. Any gift from Father would be interesting, very usable, and "something I have always wanted." For himself, he always asks a black bow tie, which Mother never lets him wear, and the latest issue of the *Farmers' Almanac*.

One day I was telling my father a discrediting fact about one whom he had always considered an exemplary character. My only motive was to save him from any rash act while under the influence of one whom I believed to be much less intelligent than himself.

He said: "Betty, you have a most appalling habit of breaking down my opinion of various people. You seem to try to destroy my faith in people and things I have always set store by. Why, some day I wouldn't be at all surprised to have you tell me that God goes around with his shoes untied."

I like my father's sense of humor; his thoughtfulness is a joy forever; but without a doubt his most remarkable quality is his loyalty. His is not a blind loyalty that admits no fault in its object. Such a loyalty is weak; it assumes that if there were any imperfection, there would be no loyalty. My father is quick to discern all our faults, to point them out, and never to condone them. He sees the weaknesses, and does all in his power to cast them out, even while in back of us all, right or wrong, his loyalty stands up like a tall brick wall.

## POEMS

*One after Frost's "Mending Walls";  
another suggesting the lush mood  
of Hoagy Carmichael's "Stardust".*

### GARDEN WALL

Somehow I rather like a garden wall,  
Not any wall at all, it must be old,  
And stout enough to turn aside the blows  
Of young, impulsive things, that spurn a wall.  
Of course there are some friendly, lazy walls,  
That lean against the sun, calling wives  
To come and talk a while and pass the time.  
Then there are pretty walls just made for show.  
The kind I mean are tall and straight as rails,  
Neighbors don't make friends with walls like these  
They know the gate is open and they're welcome,  
But still a something in them wants it down.  
I smile and say, "It's such an old wall."  
They give me "Whys" and point at other gardens:  
I smile and say, "It's such a good wall."  
There are other reasons, but I couldn't say,  
"Within these walls the world begins and ends,  
In here walk people who lived long ago,  
Most always it is quiet in the garden,  
But excitement sometimes chases noises over,  
And then I listen sharp to catch the words,  
But winds rustle the old leaves of ivy,  
Like ancient thoughts whispering of tomorrow,  
And I cannot hear the sudden noises.  
I shrug and toss a pebble in the pool,  
And watch the several ripples chase across,  
Lapping futilely at the pedestal of Athena.  
My neighbors say my garden is a dark place,  
Wall-shadows, to their mind, keep out the light;  
But some there are who cannot see for brightness,  
And only that is real which they can squeeze,  
Or at the least hold closely to their eyes.  
It is not so when I am in my garden,



Things in that shadow-light are more than real.  
The beauty of the lilies seems eternal,  
Not wholly of mere ghosts who nod together  
And whisper, "He is risen, He is risen."  
Most sweet it is at evening in my garden,  
To watch the clouds peep slyly o'er the walls,  
Then scurry furtively across the straight horizons,  
While in the altar-stillness steals an echo,  
The soft chime of "Te Deums," and in the sky,  
The first, far, white star wavers like a prayer.



## REVERIE

Will you forget, beloved one, that night,  
When hand in hand we strolled through sylvan gloom,  
Though saffron dusk had hushed away the light,  
And chapel bells had toasted twilight's doom.  
Or how we turned, and like two shadows merged  
As one, and from the lushing of tangled flowers,  
Blown from a starry flute, two heart-songs surged,  
To learn the pungent musk of dream-drugged hours.  
From out its ebon bud the moon did break,  
And like a great, white lily drifted on,  
And soon the stars peered forth to fleck its wake,  
Until it vanished in the mists of dawn.  
When years have passed and love's hot flame is done,  
Will you forget that night, beloved one?

—Harold McCarthy '41

## THE HOUSE WAS HERS

*A character story that brings a  
talented new-comer into our pages.*

**M**OTHER, for heaven's sake come away from the window. Do you have to gape out like that!"

Mrs. Cordon turned toward her daughter, and although a sheepish grin twisted her mouth unpleasantly, excitement sparkled in her eyes. "He's just leaving. She's standing in the doorway watching. I don't see how she can show her face outside the house. If it was your father now, I'm sure I . . ." Phyllis obviously wasn't listening, but was reading her book, her bent head concealing the look of disgust which had accompanied the retort.

Mr. Cordon was not the only one who was interested in the elderly woman standing in the doorway of the large white house. Mrs. Marshall, sitting by her living room window, looked directly across the street and observed quietly the whole proceedings. She saw two attendants remove an old man and place him in the back seat of the black automobile parked in front of the house. She saw the small woman standing alone. Mrs. Marshall was too far away, however, to catch the expression on the thin face. But Mrs. Marshall was a kindly-souled buxom woman, who murmured, "Poor soul, poor soul," softly to herself, while she hemmed dotted curtains for the kitchen windows and planned the evening meal. She saw one of the attendants run up the steps. It was a pity that she could not hear what he said.

"You're not to worry, Mrs. Newton. He'll have the best care we can give him. And who knows, perhaps . . ."

"Yes, Dr. Rudge, I understand. He'll have the best of care."

The young doctor looked at the woman's immobile face. Tears, he could have dealt with; hysteria was to be expected from a woman. Her placidity made him feel ill-at-ease, like a child. He could think of nothing more to say. Awkwardly, he backed down the stairs and turned to the automobile with an inward feeling of relief. Later, he was to say to the driver, "She just stood there. Stood there like so much wood. And the man she'd been married to for fifty years going to an insane asylum." Dr. Rudge would be much older before he would realize that wood in order to burn must have fire, and that if there is no match to strike a flame—

Mrs. Newton turned back into the house and carefully shut the door. Her mouth twitched curiously, but otherwise she might have been saying good-bye to an acquaintance who had stopped by for afternoon tea and incidentally to solicit aprons for the church fair. She was thinking, "I hope Margaret Marshall saw all she wanted to, sitting in that window of hers."

The telephone rang. Mrs. Newton's emaciated hand picked up the receiver. "Hello."



"It's Mrs. Cordon, Mrs. Newton. Phyllis and I were just wondering if you wouldn't like to take supper with us. Of course, it's just 'left-overs,' but I thought maybe you wouldn't want to bother getting anything and—"Mrs. Cordon was silent for a moment, while Phyllis, motivated by her mother's voice, watched indifferently, her book lying open on her lap, a painted nail marking the place.

"Well, I only thought . . .," Mrs. Cordon broke in. "Well, anyhow, you know you're welcome anytime."

"I thought you said that if it were you, you wouldn't stick your head out of the house," said Phyllis as her mother put down the receiver.

"Well, I was only trying to be helpful. After all, would you like to eat alone in that old ark of a house, and know that your own husband was going to be put in a strait-jacket?"

"Now, mother! Strait-jackets are only used for violent cases of insanity. Mr. Newton isn't violent. It's just that his mind becomes temporarily deranged because of the shock he had last Spring. He had to be taken to the asylum because she wasn't strong enough to take care of him."

"Well, I don't see that there's so very much difference," said Mrs. Cordon, and went to the kitchen to heat the mixtures which she called "left-overs."

Mrs. Newton had also replaced the receiver. She stood looking out the window into the dusk of the early fall evening. She shuddered slightly and then she also turned and went to the kitchen. Carefully, deliberately, she went about making a strong cup of tea and two slices of toast. She cut up an apple into a sauce dish and covered the pieces with milk.

She ate her supper in the dining room. The room should have been too large for one person. A person should have been dwarfed insignificantly before the huge oak side-board and china closet. Even their shadows overwhelmed the walls. An ordinary person would have been dwarfed, but Myra Newton had a rigid way of sitting in a chair which relegated the chair and the rest of the furniture to its proper inanimate function. And too, the furniture was hers.

"Tomorrow," she thought, "I will clean the attic. It hasn't been touched since April. Those old clothes can be given to Anna Markham for the rummage sale." She finished her tea.

Mrs. Marshall, looking out of her living room window later that evening, saw a single light burning in the house across the street.

"Ben," she called to her husband, "look! I'll bet she's sitting over there reading. All alone! Honestly, I wish there was something I could do. But there, she's that proud she wouldn't want anybody's help. Remember the time Tom Newton lost his job with the railroad, and took that job at the mill for only half what he'd been used to? And Dot and little Tom were going to school? I wanted to give her some of Jenny's clothes she'd outgrown. But

would Myra take them? Huh! She went down and got a job in the laundry! She said as how she guessed honest work never hurt anyone. She's got back-bone; she always did have."

"She's a hard woman, though," remarked Benjamin Marshall. "She may have worked in a laundry and paid the taxes on the house, but she left Dot to do the house work and cook the meals, and Dot was just a little tyke of ten. Myra Newton laid down the law to herself, I'll admit, but she laid it down to everyone else at the same time. Look what happened. Young Tom got out and went to Texas and Dot married that young Irishman her mother couldn't abide. Now old Tom's gone out of his mind."

"Well, she's paying for her sins now. She's left alone. But we mustn't judge her too harshly, because after all, we all make mistakes," and with this pious remark, Mrs. Marshall went to the kitchen to see if there was enough milk for the next day's meals.



Her husband remained at the window, staring at the house across the street. He remembered that it was built for Myra as a wedding present. Tom had told him once jokingly that sometimes there was a suspicion in his mind that Myra had married him for the house, for he had promised it to her when they were engaged. It wasn't many a young husband who could have fulfilled such a promise, but Tom had done well. Certainly Myra had been proud of it. Maybe, too proud. For instance, she had had the trees in the yard cut down because the grass would not grow under them, and she had wanted the unbroken green lawn to set off the dignity of the house.



Myra, too, was thinking of the house as her eyes followed the print of the book in her hands. "Now that Tom's not around demanding every bit of my time, yelling at me for this thing and that thing, I'll have time to fix up this room. I'll get some new curtains, and I'll have the rug cleaned. That'll make all the difference in the world."

She shut her book, and getting up, started to make the tour she always made before going to bed. She went first to the cellar and looked at the furnace. Then she went to the kitchen where she drank a cup of hot milk. "I must clean these windows," she thought, "now that I have time."

She went up the stairs slowly, feeling her way along with her hand on the wall. She never put the light on, because she liked to stop on the landing and look out the window. Under her hand the wall was solid, cold. Her fingers caressed it. "Mine," she thought, "mine. For the rest of my life."

She reached the window and looked out at the night.

—*Marian Maschin* '39



## DEEP SPRUCE WOODS

There is mystery in deep spruce woods.

Dark green branches drop in slow,  
Curved sweeps, curtaining the depths beyond.  
In the green-brown dimness only the tall,  
Straight boles stand out, darker shadows in deep shadow,  
And the eyesight sinks into shadow limitless.

And Peace drops to my heart with the dropping  
Curve of long spruce branches, when I go  
To their somber shadows with light, quick steps,  
As one goes to tranquility.

—*Priscilla Jacobs* '40

## TWO POEMS

*A gay poem that beats out of the  
heart of Vienna; and some whimsical  
lines for a less sparkling mood.*

## STRAUSS WALTZ

Lightly — tremulous — the strings,  
'Ere the waltz begins, they glisten,  
Quivering as Vienna sings.  
Hark — you hear? — listen.  
Sapphire nights with silver shot,  
A velvet-white and waxen rose,  
A winy red one darkly wrought  
That deeply, magically, glows;  
The park at dusk, the woods by dawn,  
A river shimmered by the moon,  
A maiden's features seen upon  
A lambent moment passed too soon,  
A lilt, an air so subtly sweet  
So sensitively drawn that sound  
Becomes a force to move the feet,  
To charm the eager heart, confound  
The sense, and carry it above  
The stars and mists to tread along  
The top of gaiety—This love  
He knows, he puts in raptured song.  
Now deep the throbbing violins,  
Now high their glorious delight,  
Ever up the transport spins  
Up to effervescent heights.  
Johann, may you never cease,  
Breeze of melody divine;  
Never come to end your piece,  
Always bubble up the wine.  
Ever leaving and returning,  
Breathless, tantalizing score,  
Twinkling, gliding, faster whirling,  
May we dance forever more.  
Lightly — tremulous — the strings,  
Now the waltz is done they hum,  
Echoing since Vienna sings,  
But now 'tis finished, alas! Come.



## THE BASKER

Hush! Just let him bask a bit.  
It doesn't matter why.  
Just let him for a moment sit  
And beam beneath the sky.  
It loves him not, and soon enough  
That air will fall and snuff out  
Every light. Too early comes the sordid stuff,  
Too soon the moon will change about,  
And make a shrouded sky.  
So let him for a moment bask—  
It doesn't matter why.

—Leo LeClair '39



## GIVE ME MY DREAMS

Give me my dreams; take everything away  
But leave me these: the will to stand, a road,  
The steady drive of stern ambition's goad,  
The strength to climb a higher hill each day,  
The wisdom still, in beauty's ecstasy,  
To touch and hold and bring to those about  
The revelations in their myriad rout  
Which come and bid me speak incessantly.  
Give me a golden tongue, a magic pen,  
A pen of happiness, of joy and light,  
That I may see as if by second sight  
And all may know of living beauty then.  
Whatever else may come in transient gleams,  
Forget it all but this: give me my dreams.

—Ruth A. Avery '35

## IN THE FOREST

*Dippy drama in a dank, depressing  
domicile, describing the drastic  
doings of daft "Dramatis Personae".*

Translated from the original Russian by Dee Smith and Sid Rosen.

*(A Check-up on Chekhov)*

### PREFACE

*(Lost in the Revolution)*

*(Scene—a peasant's hovel, very close to the soil; you can tell the hovel from the soil by the door; the door is in the hovel. The BARON'S castle looms quietly in the distance. There is a stone well, left front. It is deep. What's at the bottom? Vodka.<sup>1</sup> Sad-faced hens slump across the wooden steppes,<sup>2</sup> in fact, native melancholy gives the sombre scene that silly Volga look. Old peasant PETCHOFF—his friends call him Peschnevanski—is still reaping (?) in the fields; but his wife is squatting on a bench by the well washing Dneipers.<sup>3</sup> Holy days must be on the way. Holy days in old Russia are always on the way.<sup>4</sup>)*

NASHA:<sup>5</sup>*(the wife, sings an old Russian song. She interrupts the slow wailing of her mournful voice by drawing whoozsching breaths out of the depths of her bosom. Translation<sup>6</sup>)*

We were walking alone in the forest,  
Alone we walked in the forest;  
The little rabbit called to his love,  
When we were walking alone in the forest;  
And we were so happy,  
Walking alone (*where?*) in the (*that's right!*) forest.  
Oh, how happily I laughed when you tripped  
On a chipmunk, thus kissing the ground!

---

<sup>1</sup>Of course.

<sup>2</sup>Russian, of course.

<sup>3</sup>Dneipers—We have followed the original spelling since it seems to indicate the author's wish as to the pronunciation, but for those to whom the word seems to suggest something besides an infants' garment of vague origin, we feel bound to point out that the correct pelling is Dnieper and that its origin is in Central Russia—but why bother.

<sup>4</sup>Or, *in the way*.

<sup>5</sup>Pronounced NASHA, from an old Russian name NASHA, meaning, NASHA.

<sup>6</sup>The origin of this song is in dispute, a small town near Omsk.

But oh! how sad! how sad!

How sad!

When you turned to me in the forest (*still?*)

And handed me a swift one<sup>7</sup> on the snoot<sup>8</sup>,

As we walked alone (*oh, God!*) in the forest<sup>9</sup>,

As we walked—

(Enter PETCHOFF, carrying a scythe, still reaping in a sort of peasant dance familiar to all theatre-goers of the right class)

PETCHOFF: (*Stops dancing, sighs*) Hahhhhh! Still washing? Eh? I say. (*Pause*) Still washing?

NASHA: (*Finishing her song*)—alone, in the forest. (*looks up slowly*) Is it going to rain?

PETCHOFF: (*Sets down scythe. Picks up a dneiper and looks at it skeptically.*) Looks that way.

NASHA: (*Wipes forehead: stumps over to hovel-steppe. Brushes aside three hens. Her accent droops*) This little hen eats nuts<sup>10</sup>. (*Feeds melancholy hen a nut*)

PETCHOFF: (*Brushing aside his wife and four hens*) You ought not to feed that hen nuts. We haven't very many.<sup>1</sup> Winter is coming.

We are poor, very poor, and you feed our nuts—we haven't very many—to the hens. (*He passes in*)

NASHA: (*brushing aside the hens*) Oh, how long? how long? (*her voice rises to a howl*)

(*As if this were a signal, IVAN enters with a spring, an entrechatte, and a nitchki.<sup>12</sup> He is young, tall, handsome, and melancholy; he is also a loafer, a liar, and a bum. Ladies love him; and he has even smug<sup>13</sup> before the Empress, who was impressed*)

IVANS (*Strikes an attitude before the vodka well. Attitude falls backwards into well*) Whoops, Nasha! (*He hoists bucket and drinks deeply*)

NASHA: Oh, son of my heart, your father is so depressed. (*Feeds nut to the hen*) Go in and cheer him. Have you your balalaika?<sup>14</sup>

<sup>7</sup>Russian colloquialism.

<sup>8</sup>*Ibid.*

<sup>9</sup>*Loc. cit.*

<sup>10</sup>Little Russian dogs also eat nuts. There has been heated discussion as to the significance of this fact. In 1926, Professor Groetanski claimed: "Prozshnyet vrasayafska dvscha nutzshi!" In 1939, after the discovery of an alarming old document which escaped revolution, the professor voiced another opinion. He said, "Nerts!"

<sup>11</sup>Hens? nuts?

<sup>12</sup>Firm of Russian Ballet under Czar Peter.

<sup>13</sup>?

<sup>14</sup>Russian for acid-stomach.



IVAN: (*Leaning toward NASHA, confides*) Honest, Nashenka, old girl, you shouldn't carry on so. Be happy, like I—(*with a sob in his throat*)—I mean, me. As the Baron said to me only yesterday; Ivan, said he you are undoubtedly—

(*But NASHA, who has heard this one before, pushes him into the hovel. On second thought, she pulls him out*)

NASHA: Here, take him this. (*She reaches into the bag of nuts, pulls out a hen, brushes it aside, hands IVAN a nut, and impels him into the hovel. Tears fall from her wide, haggard eyes. She looks reproachfully at the hen*) Alas, for our Russia!

(*A hunting horn is heard. Enter BARON from forest, left, with shooting-iron of the old school. He is noble, stern, and imposing; in fact, he looks as proud and as blind as the falcon on his wrist*)<sup>15</sup>

BARON: (*He has a name, but has forgotten it. Looks at NASHA*) All the same. They're all the same. (*He mutters like an imbecile*)

NASHA: (*Regards him with great, reproachful moans*) Go away. Winter is coming. Our food—it isn't very good—is almost all gone. (*She feeds a nut to the hen—whose name, by the way, is Garbowitch*)

IVAN: (*Poking his nose out of the hovel door*) Cockadoodledoo! (*He vanishes*)<sup>16</sup>

FALCON: (*Watch the BARON's lips on this one; they quiver. He is a ventriloquist*) Same to you! (*No one pays any attention to him*) I say, same to you! (*No effect. His beak closes. From time to time it opens again, but on second thought, he snaps it shut*)

(*Enter right, from the cherry orchard (what else?), munching and wallowing cherry blossoms, YANILLISSA, the daughter of PETCHOFF and NASHA. She is beautiful. Her jaws move with a vague, disinterested motion from left to right. A ragged Russian skirt swirls about her sturdy legs. The BARON looks at her askance. He needs glasses. YANILLISSA runs over to her mother*)

YANILLISSA: (*Beginning to sob quickly—she's not immune*) Nashenka maya! Did he—? Does he—? Do—?

NASHA: (*Breaking in. Lurches up to meet her daughter*) Does he? Does he what? Who?

YANILLISSA: (*Sobs*) I—I—I—Ivan!

NASHA: Ivan! (*Her brow darkens. It disappears*)

<sup>15</sup>The falcon on his wrist is blind.

<sup>16</sup>Escape mechanism.

IVAN: (*Inside—thinking he has been called*) What, mother?

BARON: (*Goes on muttering*) Mutter?

IVAN: Mother!

NASHA: Mother? What do you want, Ivan?

IVAN: (*Turns a cartwheel out the door*) I want money! I want love! (*looks at YANILISSA*)<sup>17</sup>

(*Garbowitch, neglected, rubs against NASHA'S ankle, and cackles. NASHA feeds it a nut*)

BARON: (*Muttering*) . . . a bright boy . . . yes . . . reminds me of my little Vanushka in Petrograd<sup>18</sup> . . . yes . . . hummmmm . . .

YANILISSA: (*Engaging the BARON with a coy glance*) Yes, Baron? (*Her voice has a note of expectancy*)

BARON: (*Takes out and polishes his glass eye. His gaze is vacant* Poor souls! How fortunate you are! (*Replaces the eye*) My poor people! (*Sobs with a husky mutter*)

IVAN: (*Tuning his balalaika*) Anyone want to hear a song?

IVAN: What shall it be?

(*The BARON, his eye in place, stops muttering at least, and strikes a grand, formal air. The air gives in. His whole bearing is that of a soldier*)

BARON: (*Huskily—with great fervor*) OUR NATIONAL ANTHEM!

FALCON: (*Flaps his wings*) Nuts!<sup>19</sup>

NASHA: (*Fumbling frantically in bag*) They are all gone! All, all gone . . . Sing, my beloved son, sing, Ivan.

BARON: (*Impeturbably*) OUR NATIONAL ANTHEM!

(*PETCHOFF has come out of the hovel. He stands behind the BARON. Removes his hat. His eyes are on the ground*)

PETCHOFF: (*Echoes hoarsely*) Our National Anthem.

(*IVAN strikes a few notes. They fall flat. He strikes them again.*<sup>20</sup> Oh my God! they are familiar! He sings)

IVAN: We were walking alone in the forest, Alone we walked . . . (*Good God! But he goes right on*)

(*The curtain shakes and rumbles. They all turn slowly and look up at it. The song stops. Everything stops. They all look down. The curtain goes on rumbling. It falls*)

<sup>17</sup>Incest??? Professor Goetanski stated in 1926: "No." In 1935, he said, "Yes." In 1939 after the discovery of the alarming old document, he said, "Nertz!"

<sup>18</sup>Petrograd; i. e., Saint Petersburg Leningrad, Old Grad, etc.

<sup>19</sup>See note 10.

<sup>20</sup>The coward!

## THREE POEMS

*Small patterns etched on a wisp of  
air — but not easily forgotten.*

### EFFORT

A poem  
From a poet's pen  
Is a beautiful thing!

A magic touch—  
A word is a wisp  
Of blue sky and green grass;  
A breath of philosophy ripples  
Like a soft breeze across still water.

A poem  
From my pen  
Is a clumsy thing!

A flattering start—  
A word is a splurge  
Of grey cloud, sand, bare ground;  
A bit of philosophy veers  
Like a fitful wind through barren trees.

### TRACKS

Cat tracks across white linen—  
Ski tracks along the trail—  
Footprints up a walk—  
Dents in the sand—  
Someone going somewhere!

### THE SENTINEL

Stark against the pale grey sky  
A lone tree stands watch,  
Torn by the winds.  
The first snow falls—  
A white mantel for an old tree,  
Soothing, caressing concealing,  
And the sentinel sighs.

—Ruth Helyar '42



## HELL

*Now a few hints for Dante's ghost—*

TAP, tap, tap, tap, tap, . . . Minutes! Hours! Days! Weeks! . . . Pay checks! Tap, tap, tap . . . The belted conveyor crept slowly forward, trying to sneak an unfinished coil past me before I had tapped and entered the serial number of the one before it on my credit slip. Around each coil, and at right angles to each other, were four bundles of thin iron plates that stuck out like the pages of an unruly loose leaf note-book. With a calf-skin headed mallet I had to hammer these leaves into a uniform block so that the riveter five feet down the assembly line could squeeze on the new-penny colored clamps—so that the fellow beyond him could solder on his yellow brass leads—so that the fellow after him could place it in the dull grey tank—so that . . . I didn't think I could stand it much longer. I'd quit first, before I went "batty." Still, two men down the line—that old buck had done nothing but solder leads on transformers for eighteen years..

For some reason, factory and greenhouse roofs have too much in common, the only difference being that the horticulturist pampers his blooms by mopping the transparent panes with buckets of whitewash, while the factory manager will put no such cloud before the sun. The hot rays fell in, but couldn't get out. I knew just how they felt; I was trapped too. They say men don't sweat—only animals—men perspire; but I sweat. This water loosened the oil and grease in my shirt and formed a slimy emulsion that slid down my neck and puddled where my belt tightened at my waist. The tar floor felt like a sponge and sopped up the nuts and screws that fell off the bench. The gummy tar clutched at the shoes, and it seemed as if another force of gravity held me to the floor.

The four o'clock whistle coughed hoarsely. But no one in this department moved. While most everyone else ran home to cool water and clean smelling soap; while all the oldsters went home to suppers, papers, and pipes; while all the youngsters went home to dances, shows, and roads—we kept tapping, riveting, soldering, tanking . . .

We were on shift, from one in the afternoon to ten at night. What ungodly hours.

What a hole!

I felt myself sinking in a rut. Each whack at a coil was a nail in the coffin of all my hopes and ambitions. It wasn't only the grease and the dirt, the heat and the smell; there were fish-faced men on each side of me whose only passions were slang, smut, and slut. I felt myself beginning to talk, act, and even think like them. I would swear to quit, but just then I'd think that maybe I was simply sorry for myself, or maybe conceited, and besides, . . . I needed the money.

At six, a klaxon horn rasped through the department; and before it died down, the time clock was punching and clicking away like a subway turnstile in Manhattan. Nobody was ever there to watch the conveyor come to a slow, slow stop. I caught my lunch on the fly. Fifteen minutes! Fifteen racing minutes to catch just a sliver of the red sun before it sank completely beyond the foundry, and, incidentally, to bolt my lunch. There was a little red shed that looked like an outhouse and sat in a small splotch of stubborn grass. As I drew closer, silver letters always appeared spelling "Fire Hose." Unfortunately, the green magnet that always drew me to this picnic spot also drew iron filings and soot from the foundry smokestack, and greyed and blackened the grass. Still, it was grass.

My hands were black. No, I hadn't forgotten to wash them. It would have taken more than my whole fifteen-minute lunch period to scrape and scour the grime from the seams and pores in my hands—even if I had hot water.

So, very ingeniously, I held the bulky sandwich between its wax-paper wrapper, and never marred the whiteness of the bread that appeared too small for the chunky slices of ham and cheese swabbed with golden mustard that overlapped the sides. The banana smelled thin and sweet. It tasted pasty, as I squeezed its yellow jacket at the bottom forcing up the pulpy fruit when I needed it. The milk was neither hot nor cold.

I hurried inside; two sandwiches and some fruit always took just inside fifteen minutes. I rang in half a minute early and was glad. I'd done twenty-six coils so far. At five cents a head, that was a buck-thirty I'd made so far today. If I didn't stop to blow my nose, or to take a deep breath, I might make two dollars all told.

The fellow to the right of me pulled deeply on a cigarette, and furtively passed it to his neighbor. The day-boss was home, and the night-boss didn't care about smoking. The klaxon horn buzzed. He butted his smoke, and put the inch of cigarette into his pocket. The conveyor started to creep. An undressed coil rode toward me. Tap, tap, tap, tap . . .

—*Peter Barreca '41*



## POEMS

*Clever images on life and love in  
verses light as a summer's breeze.*

## FUTILITY

## I

A rose  
Full-blown  
Soon scatters.  
A moth's  
New wing  
Soon tatters.  
A dream  
Conceived  
Soon shatters.

## II

Destruction—  
An unknown hand confers  
Upon Nature's noble art most high.  
A plan to such obliteration?  
Who knows?  
Not you nor I.

## HOPE

It came upon me  
Like the breath  
Of freshly-scattered hay  
But unlike  
That phantom scent  
It did not drift away.  
It stayed and grew  
As gently as  
An angel's serenade—  
A love that will not tarnish  
A love that will not fade.

—A Harrington '41



## I AM A CRIMINAL

*Not felonious tragedy this, but a  
humorous satire on alert salesmen.*

**Y**OUR Honor, I am guilty, but I plead extenuating circumstances. You have probably reached the conclusion that all department store clerks are afflicted with near-sightedness and deafness; I have. To me one of the annoying mysteries of life is how a salesman can be so bland and insouciant in his duties. All of us have felt the insolence that comes from disturbing a clerk from his reverie. I profess admiration for their powers of concentration, especially when it comes to staring into space; nothing can distract them or divert their attention. Most department store clerks are, at heart, hermits or mystics. Indeed, I have heard from a reliable source that the most successful Hindu mystic today, the one who has sat for a year and some odd weeks, staring straight ahead, speaking to no one, is an old department store clerk.

But these are not the only offenders; there are other kinds of clerks, like the gossiping type, who usually occur in pairs and sometimes in coveys. You know them: "—and who do you think was there with a new evening gown, and her not working—oh, there's a customer. Well, he can wait. Where was I? Oh, yes—" and so on. More often than not the wait turns into a stay, and then, unless the hapless customer has brought an overnight bag, he retreats, sometimes crestfallen, sometimes indignant. But the worst offender of them all is the meticulous, dandified male clerk who spends hours on his personal appearance. And he does not confine his grooming to the home or the washroom. Instead he carries it on in the publicity of "Men's Furnishings and Kitchen Furniture." His type is all too common; he is the salesman who is continually cleaning his nails, shooting his cuffs, and flicking imaginary specks from his lapel, oblivious to all customers.

Mention of such blaséness on the part of department store clerks brings me to my story, which concerns one of these pretty-boy salesmen. My story may seem amusing to you, but I assure you, with tears in my eyes, that it is no laughing matter. It all started when I was obliged to go to the town's largest department store in search of a birthday present for a feminine member of the family. I entered the store in high spirits, with the zest for battle in my blood. I have been shopping before! I strode up to the counter and, lo! there was a clerk. He was a gorgeous male, one of the new double-breasted, pink-shirted, patent leather hair models, complete with carnation and spats, busily engaged in manicuring himself. With a supercilious air, he glanced my way, and went back to the task at hand. With quick, deft strokes he worked on each finger

and then held it up for critical inspection with a ridiculously effeminate gesture. But he had the eye of a connoisseur of fine cuticle, and, from someplace on his person, he produced a pale pink nail buffer, something I thought that even women did not carry. With another glance my way, which seemed to sweep over me, he began leisurely to buff his digits.

This, I decided, is a problem well worth my finest subtleties. I retreated to formulate a plan of attack. Several methods to get service passed through my mind: I could suddenly clutch my throat, lurch forward, and gasp, "Silk stockings, brown, size nine and one-half"; or I could suddenly feign insanity, leap over the counter and pull out every box until I found what I wanted. I discarded these as too crude; subtlety is the thing. And then I had it. I would go to the counter and very openly steal something. That would certainly attract his attention. Accordingly I marched back to the counter, and openly, brazenly, and noisily took the first box that came to my hand,—this box of garters I am accused of stealing.

And, Your Honor, I must admit defeat. As I was on my way to the door, it was the floorwalker who arrested me!

—J. P. Lucey '42



## LIKE A BIRD FLYING

*A versatile master of naturalistic prose here pens a sidewalk exploit depicting life beyond college walls.*

WHILE I was calling up Florrie about the date, my mind was busy figuring out how I was going to pull the breakaway. It isn't easy to break off with a dame after you've been seeing her for three whole months. But I wasn't too busy to remember that the dumb operator had returned my nickel; it looked pretty good there, lying in the slot. An extra beer for you, boy, I thought.

I covered my route, thinking how good it would be to get out of the lousy town. Being a niggerpool bookie gets monotonous as hell—the same walk, the same coins, the same numbers, the same faces—I was getting sick of everything. All the time, I was worrying about what to say to Florrie. I was a dumb guy to get mixed up with one woman like that; I thought I learned my lesson once, but here I was doing it again. After three months I was damn tired of looking at her and buying her *True Romance* magazines. I didn't know why I even looked at her the first time. But I was going to settle that for sure.

She was already waiting for me when I got to the park. I sauntered down light and easy, chewing on a toothpick that tasted pretty good.

"Hello, Eddie-boy," she said. She came up close, and put her face up. I turned my face and spat out a piece of tooth-pick.

"Hello," I said.

"Aintcha gonna kiss me?"

"I got a cold," I said, "let's walk."

She took my arm. "You should take an aspern," she said. I was thinking hard: how in hell am I gonna start?

As we walked under a light, I turned my head and looked at her. She was chewing gum kind of slowly—it made me mad to see her jaw keep moving up and down like that. I remembered how I used to think she was pretty, but that was three months ago. Now she just looked like a dumb, blond cow. The more I thought about it, the more I wondered why in hell I had ever started with her. I could have had plenty of dames for the asking. She wasn't my type at all. Up and down, up and down, her jaw went, and her eyes kept staring ahead, a dumb stare, except once in a while she turned and looked up at me with a giggle. I was feeling pretty disgusted.

We went by a bench, dark under a tree. She said she wanted to sit down; she was tired.

"Okay," I said. I was thinking about how to start.



"Listen, Eddie." Her voice was low, and she talked fast, like she'd been rehearsing. "How soon can we get married?"

What the hell! I looked at her.

"Waddaya mean—*married*?" I asked, "Who said anything about married?" I took another toothpick from my vest and started to chew on it.

"Well . . ." she sounded shaky, ". . . everyone's startin' to ask questions . . . Ma 'n' Pa . . . we been seein' so much of each other . . . I thought . . ."

"You thought nothin'!" I said. I spat out a piece of toothpick. "Who said anything about married?"

She was quiet for a minute. "You ain't been comin' to see me so often lately."

"Maybe I been busy."

"Maybe he's been busy, he says!" She began to cry. "Maybe he's been busy."



"Listen," I said, "turn off the faucets."

"Don't you remember, Eddie? You said you was gonna . . ." She was wiping her eyes with a little handkerchief.

"Maybe I lost my memory," I told her. "Anyways, marryin' is out for me. Look, Florrie, try an' see it my way. I ain't the kind of a guy who can settle down in a dump like this. I'd go nuts, see? What have I got in this town? A lousy job with the numbers. A lousy route where I see the same lousy things every lousy day."

"You think that's lousy!" she said.

"I think it's damn lousy! Listen, babe,"—I threw away the rest of the toothpick—"I can't stand it no more! I gotta get movin'. I guess I'm like the birds, see? They gotta go where it's warm and different—they gotta keep flyin'. That's the way it is, babe."

She didn't move. "You're gonna leave, huh?"

"You see the way it is, babe? I was glad it was going so easy.

"Listen, Eddie," she said, "you can't go. You mustn't go. I'm gonna have a baby, Eddie, do you hear me, Eddie, I'm gonna have a baby." She started crying again.

Christ! I took out a toothpick.

"How do I know you ain't lyin'?"

"I swear it, Eddie! I seen the doctor yestiddy."

"I don't want no baby," I said, "I got a friend that works in a drug store. He'll fix you up."

"No, Eddie." She grabbed my hand. "I don't want that. I want my baby, Eddie! I want you!"

I pulled my hand away, and spat out the toothpick.

"I don't want no babies," I told her, "and I don't want no weddings. I'm not playing sucker for nobody. If you want, I'll get my friend to fix you up. I'm blowin' town."

"Pa'll kill me," she moaned, "what'll I tell him?"

"Tell him to go to hell from me," I said. I stood up.

"Eddie, where you goin'?"

I started to walk away.

"Eddie!" I could hear her running after me. She wrapped her arms around my neck. I took them off, and pushed her away. "Scram!" I said.

I turned and walked faster. I was getting madder and madder thinking how she almost trapped me with that dumb, blond face of hers. She kept running after me. I felt her hand on my shoulder.

"Go to hell!" I yelled. I turned around and swung at her hard. I hit her a couple of times. She fell right at me without a sound. I caught her and put her down on the ground. Then I walked away as fast as I could.

When I got out of the park, I bummed a ride to the city limits. There, a fellow who was going pretty far picked me up. He had a swell car, with a heater and a radio, and he gave me a cigarette. I smoked and chewed on a toothpick, and pretty soon, I forgot all about Florrie.

Hell, I had my own future to think about, didn't I?

—*Sidney Rosen '39*

## THE MILE

*For those who forget how it felt.*

**A** LAST call for the mile run. As I remove my sweatsuit and walk over to the starting line with the other runners, that "pre-race" feeling grips me. My legs are trembling, my brow is beaded with sweat, and my stomach feels like a vacuum.

"Take your marks." "Get set."—With the crack of the starter's gun, we sprint toward the first corner, fighting for positions on the post. All my nervousness is gone.

The pace is fast for a first lap, but I am fresh, and it is a real thrill to come down the backstretch with the yells of the crowd in my ears. We pound past the "timer" and turn into the second lap. I am running third. I must get up there in front, somehow. I begin to lengthen my stride. I swing past the two men up front and settle into a long stride. The sharp yells of the fans have deadened into a steady roar in my ears. My breath is coming harder, and my legs are tiring fast. The cigarette smoke in the gymnasium is tearing at my lungs. The "timer" yells the time as I go past him into the third lap. I'm cutting corners close now. I've got to save something for that last lap and still hold my position. On the back corner, I hear pounding footsteps behind me, creeping up closer and closer. Out of the corner of my eye I can see a blurred form weaving at my shoulder. I can hear my competitor's labored breath rasping rhythmically.

The gun! We are pounding into the last lap! The crowd's confused roar becomes a frenzied shriek as we "step up" the pace. My opponent pulls up abreast of me and we match strides. My tongue feels like cotton batting, my throat is scorching, and my head is reeling. My legs feel like dead weights. Confused thoughts flash through my reeling brain. "Can I hold him off?" "How much has he got left?" I try to "step it up." Every step sends tremors through my tired frame. There is a pounding in my ears. We round the corner into the home stretch. My body is one big ache, and my senses are numbed. Stride by stride, I work my way down the stretch and throw myself over the finish line.

Somebody grabs me and begins to walk me back and forth. Nausea grips me and my knees are gone. Gradually, my stomach settles, and my swimming senses right themselves, as I realize the race is over.

—D. Morrill



## LOGOS IN APRIL

I kneel,  
In all this empty April day  
To find the grass . . . to feel again  
The hard greenness of encysted petals;  
But there is only God  
And a thousand kinds of stillness  
On the world. Germination is an echo fled.

*How casually,  
in April,  
light comes  
shattering on a tree  
and whirls in splintered beams  
to pry out frost  
from bark . . .*

I pray,  
Through all this dreary April day  
For God to unwomb flowers and  
Conclude the fragile pregnancy  
Of trees; but there is only  
Soil and a thousand seeping waters  
In the field. Nativity is a shadow dead.

*To an insolence  
called Time,  
men attribute dead leaves,  
motes of dust on a garret floor,  
Mrs. Tucker's baby,  
and Spring . . .*

I watch,  
Through all this blossomed April day,  
How an iris dwells at peace with grass . . .  
Even as gentle priests might dwell,  
With pious prayer exulting,  
So these, on their solemn inch  
Of earth, make incense for an evening.

*How quietly  
intense  
are new-sapped roots  
that web through loam  
in Spring,  
and how profound  
their hunger . . .*

Thus ordained—to know  
Through all the pungent April time  
What Logos is, and why God spills  
Consummate fragrance on the present Spring,  
I walk in silence here  
And smell the night where flowers are  
That softly breathe eternal secrets into rain.

—Robert McCartney



## TSCHAIKOWSKI NEVER FELT HUNGRY

*Have you an appetite for a subtle  
dish flavored with domestic comedy?*

RAIN drizzled down the windows of the apartment. The Brick walls across the street were wet and steaming. The two of them were sitting in the parlor; they had been since half past two. The radio paused briefly for station identification. She put down her book and covered the tail end of a yawn.

"Five o'clock. We might have been listening to the Philharmonic—too late now. I think they were supposed to do something by Tschaikowski this afternoon, Symphony number six or something."

"I don't like Tschaikowski: he stinks," remarked the man, rattling the Sunday supplement. "Reminds me of the music they play for *Mickey Mouse* when Pluto is sneaking up on somebody . . . Is there anything to eat in this house?" He pushed himself out of the big chair and stretched. His shirt was open and he had on slippers.

"That's right," she said, "belittle a man because he's able to feel things you can't and express them too. That's what you can't do, express yourself—at least not decently. Sometimes I think you don't feel anything either."

He separated the dull curtains and looked down at the street. Rain made little spots in the puddles. Tires cut momentary furrows through them. "Oh, I don't feel, huh. Well, how about this? I feel I'm hungry. I feel I don't like Tschaikowski. I feel he stinks. I feel—"

"Henry, I wish you wouldn't say anyone stinks. It isn't nice. And you know I don't mean feeling hungry; it isn't that kind of thing at all." She stepped over to the radio and turned the dial. "I don't mean feel hungry." Henry finished out a pack of cigarettes, took one and lit it. The radio was making inarticulate noises. "You might offer me one." Henry fished the pack from his pocket again and handed one to her, very deliberately.

"I suppose," he struck in, making a match sputter on the book and holding it out for her, "I suppose Tschaikowski never felt hungry. Probably not. He felt a lot of damn ethereal voices, but his stomach never spoke to him. No wonder he turned out such dismal stuff: that's a sad kind of a mid-section."

His wife turned to him. "You know I hate to hear you say mid-section. It's the same with damn," she complained.

"Damn fine word damn," he came back. "Stink too, for that matter—damn fine. Strong old Anglo-Saxon words, like sock; it's got power, plenty of it." He liked that. "Sock," he repeated, "plenty of it." She had found a jazz orchestra and had sat down again. He turned the knob till a hushed



inspired voice came out. He tuned it in carefully. "Ought to be listening to Dr. Fosdick," he muttered. "Jazz is silly, reminds me of Tschaikowski." Her face tightened. The inspired voice went on. He didn't like Dr. Fosdick, but he knew she hated him. He sat down in the big chair, stubbed out his cigarette, leaned back with a sigh, and folded his arms. His eyes were nearly closed. "Fine stuff," he nodded. "Fine." She turned on him suddenly.

"Must you be so damn funny?" she snapped.

"So WHAT funny?" he smiled. Then he was suddenly serious. "Please don't say that, Marguerite; I'm so sensitive, you know." He laughed at that. "So sensitive, so—so Goddam sensitive." That was funny. He snickered for a moment then he yawned.

She stood up and glared at him. Then she walked across the room. "You boor!" she broke out. The door closed and she was gone. In the kitchenette dishes began to rattle. Henry lit another cigarette. He killed Dr. Fosdick and resurrected the orchestra. The rain still slipped past the window. Someone was leaving the apartment upstairs; a door was slamming; a key was being turned. Henry noticed that it was getting dark. He snapped on the table lamp, half sat half leaned on the arm of the big chair and stared blankly at the orange lamp shade.

"Little mean to the old girl," he thought as the smoke floated into the light. "I'm getting irritable. Ought to do something. Peg's a nice girl. All that bosh about Tschaikowski—get's my goat. Still, have to be careful. Must be the rain. No sense taking chances; better say something nice. Good woman, Peg."

Water was running in the sink. After a minute it stopped. An unsoftened voice came through the door. "All I do is stuff that sensitive mid-section of yours. Big dinner three and a half hours and you're starved now. Well, come on; here it is; don't hurry." He opened the door. "Well, ok, how about the radio?" she ordered. He walked back slowly. The orchestra was finishing a hit tune that was just a little stale. He waited till it was over; then he turned it off. "You men don't seem to realize that electricity costs money. Do you think God gives the stuff away?"

"Look here, Marguerite, old girl, I'm sor—".

"Oh, for heaven's sake keep quiet and tie on that big bib of yours," she cut in. "I'm not hungry. All I want is coffee. But you go right ahead—not that I have to tell you. Only don't make a pig of yourself, and for Lord's sake don't blow on your soup like that. You know I hate that, and you always do it."

Henry looked at her across the table. "I don't think," he answered slowly, "I don't think I'm hungry either." He got up. "I'm going to see if Fosdick's still on." He hadn't stopped looking at her. Now he turned and started for the door. "Damn fine sermon," he grumbled, "damn fine."

## ACCENTED BEAUTY

*And to conclude . . . some charming  
lines by a priestess of the Muse . . .*

I climbed the narrow winding mountain trail  
'Til at the highest peak I paused to see  
The spacious valley far below unveil  
Its awe-inspiring wondrousness to me.

A maze of green, patched with fleeting shadows  
Of clouds above; a sea of azure blue  
Reflected in the winding stream below—  
All breathed of spring and life begun anew!

I climbed the narrow mountain trail once more,  
But its magnificence had disappeared;  
Gone was the beauty I had seen before;  
Now all was dark, and grey, and damp, and drear.

In retrospect that scene once more revives  
Against the background of a duller hue  
More splendid still—as grey days in our lives  
Accentuate the beauty of the blue!

—Muriel E. Decker '41







## LET US REMEMBER

*When all of us have gone and left alone  
Our sloping campus dozing in the sun,  
When all of us have gone our separate ways  
And start to reminisce on college days,—*

Let us remember how we came here—blind  
And awkward in the motions of the mind,  
Irresolute and drifting in our will,  
Lost in a cave of ignorance—until  
With sudden joy we caught a glancing gleam  
That faded and returned, as in a dream—  
A growing rift of light across the ledge  
Of darkness, that to us appeared the edge  
Of truths sharp wisdom, shining fitfully—  
Our first bright token of maturity!

*Now comes the tolling of the parting bell . . .  
Let us who watched the seasons come and go,  
Who saw our rift of light begin to grow  
Into a shapely vision, keep it well.*

Let us remember through the lengthening years  
How we walked here with younger hopes and fears.  
And if we listen, we shall hear the sound  
Of old bells ringing through the quiet town.

—Shirley Bliss Goldberg '38